

Children's Newspaper, January 14, 1928

All the English-Speaking World Loves
the C.N. Monthly—Ask for My Magazine

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A LITTLE BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE COUNTRY LIKE SWITZERLAND AT HOME

**Happy Christmas Days Cut Off
From the World****KING 2 L O***By a Captive on a Hilltop*

We were prisoners for days in the white fortress on our Kent hilltop. The wind roared about us, sweeping the powdered snow till it lay three or four feet deep on the road that leads down to the village. There could hardly be much less than a thousand tons of snow, we thought, within our gates.

It was wonderful to look through the windows and see the Dover Road two miles across the valley. Those four black spots were cars and buses buried in the snow; the little moving specks were men trying to dig them out. A little farther on were the tea-rooms where twenty motorists were exiled, happily with Mr. Wilkie Bard among them to keep them merry. His car had failed him on the way to Maidstone, but who knows that if the snow had not imprisoned it here it might not have been drowned in one of Maidstone's flooded streets?

The Birds

On the other side of the valley the trees of Poll Hill go marching up like soldiers, and we knew that in the road between them motor-cars lay buried in snow for days and nights. A bungalow just over the hill was buried to the roof.

It was beautiful to watch the birds, for, though the world was in the grip of ice and snow, the robins and blackbirds and finches were hopping merrily about, picking up their Christmas crumbs. It seemed to us that there was no Christmas charity among them, for one would drive another off from a feast abundant for all. Life was not quite so kind by the pond in the wood: we found the king of all our goldfish lying dead before the pond was turned to ice.

The Toboggan.

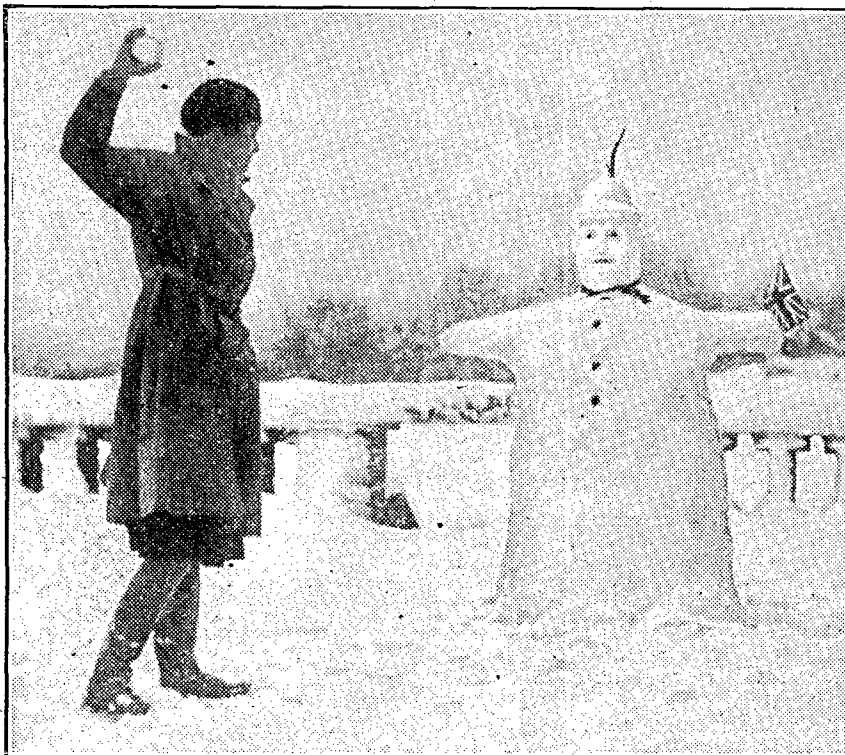
Cold as it was, the fireside could not keep us in. The trees had never looked so beautiful. The avenues were a miracle of loveliness. The banks heaped up with drifting snow set us thinking of the Great Ice Barrier. And if we could not motor we could toboggan. We found our toboggans where they had lain buried for years, and raced down the hillside as we used to race at Pontresina. Switzerland itself could not have given us better sport.

And, of course, we must make our snowman—a jolly fellow wearing one of the Editor's ties and a spow bowler hat with a feather in it, and carrying bravely a little Union Jack, which flew for days in its icy grip and was flying still when last we saw John George, beginning to melt away.

Twenty Years After



1907



It will soon be twenty years since the Children's Encyclopedia published the picture of Marjorie Mee and her first snowman. We reproduce it here with her last snowman, standing on a hilltop looking down on the church steeple.

But perhaps the most wonderful thing of all was the long rope of ice that stretched from the wood to the house. From the middle of it ran a thin black line, and it seemed to us that nothing could be more miraculous than that. Along that thin black line came news of the world from which we were cut off, with music and laughter and stories of other people shut up as

we were. The aerial was embedded in ice, but what cared the ether for that? Jack Frost has been dethroned and 2 L O is king. There is no more being cut off; there is just a little rest in a miraculous world, with the heavens opening before our eyes and the music of the spheres pouring into our ears. Then a little sunshine, a thick coat, stout boots, and back to the everyday world again.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS

**THE KING AND THE
MOTHER****A New Story Just Told of a
Visit to the Battlefields****PATHETIC MEMORY OF A HERO**

A story is told about the King which is as beautiful as it is true. It is told by one of the members of the War Graves Commission.

When the war ended men began to work at the task of removing the fallen from scattered graves on old battlefields or from roadsides to great cemeteries, where their resting-places would always be reverently tended. Two things were decided upon at the outset. These war cemeteries should be as beautiful as the architect and the gardener could make them, and all should have one kind of headstone.

Forget-Me-Nots

In 1922 the King made a pilgrimage to the cemeteries in France and Belgium. When they were visiting Etaples a member of the party saw the King take an envelope from his pocket and heard him ask the gardener to find the grave of Staff-Sergeant Matthews. When they reached the place the King took from the envelope a small bunch of forget-me-nots and laid them on the grave. "Keep them watered as long as possible," he said to the gardener.

A War Graves Commissioner who happened to be there learned that the King had not left the flowers on the grave of a personal friend. The dead man was a stranger, except in the sense that he was a brother Englishman. But just before the King left for his visit to the cemeteries a poor woman had written to the Queen about her dead son, Staff-Sergeant Matthews. She wrote that she could not go across the sea to look at his grave with her own eyes and she greatly longed to lay some flowers on it. She enclosed a bunch of forget-me-nots and begged the Queen, who is a mother also, to ask the King to have them laid on the grave.

A Mother's Gift

The King was deeply touched by the poor woman's desire to deck the grave with English flowers and by her trust in the Queen's womanly heart, and her trust was not in vain. The King laid the little fading bunch on the hero's resting-place as reverently as if he were placing a wreath at the Cenotaph.

It is the King's hard task to stand for the nation, and surely he never did a more English thing than when he carried this mother's gift to her dead son across the sea. George the Fifth is not an orator like Mussolini, who makes speeches which sweep crowds off their feet, but by quiet deeds like these he inspires a deep affection and respect in all of us.

13 DAYS IN A BOX

CASTAWAYS OF THE OCEAN

The Wonderful Love of a Father for His Boys

A DESPERATE ADVENTURE

From the bridge of the Lloyd Treistino steamer Pilsna, sailing the Indian Ocean, the commander sighted through his glasses some object which he could not make out.

It looked, as the steamer's course was altered to pick it up, like a buoy with some men straddling it. It turned out to be a ship's water-tank with five castaways, at their last gasp, floating on it.

This is their story. They were part of the crew of a coaling schooner caught in a cyclone off the Indian coast while on its way from Bombay to Cutchtuna. The vessel began to sink. There were no boats. The captain prepared two water-tanks with canvas linings, each about eight feet long and four feet deep, not much bigger than a good-sized bath. In these frail barques the crew of fourteen launched themselves, trusting to God.

Hunger and Thirst

In the water-tank which the Pilsna saved were the captain, his three sons, and four men. A little fresh water was in the bottom of the tank. They had a couple of pounds of biscuits. So that they should not be overwhelmed by the waves it was necessary to shut down a lid with a hole cut in it on the top of the tank.

In this box those who survived endured for thirteen days the stifling heat of the Sun and hunger and thirst such as can scarcely be imagined, for the waves lapping in through the hole in the lid spoiled the little fresh water they had.

Ships passed by far off without seeing them. One of the captain's boys died and one of the crew. Still they hoped on, and for some days they pathetically refused to commit the bodies to the deep, hoping to give them pious burial ashore.

Splendid Moslem Courage

Hope almost died within them, however. The sharks of the Indian Ocean, with uncanny knowledge, swarmed about them in their prison, trying to overturn it. It seemed that God had forgotten them, and these poor sailor-men who had clung to life with such fierce resolution had at last made up their minds to die.

Then the Pilsna, like some living thing, saw them and reached them just in time to rescue them, mere skeletons.

It was one of those tragedies of the sea redeemed only by the courage and resolution which burn in the hearts of men. These men were Moslems, and their behaviour during those thirteen days of misery is a great tribute to their faith. They had been drifting about in a water-tank, drenched with sea-water and without reasonable expectation of rescue; yet they trusted in God and never gave up hope.

The Heroic Skipper

But the skipper stands out in sublime courage above the rest. Three days after the wreck his youngest son, aged eight, died, and the eldest boy, aged fifteen, died just as he was lifted on to the deck of the rescue ship.

The Moslem sailors say that the skipper never ate one crumb of food during the whole time. He gave his share of biscuit to his sons, and nursed the suffering children tenderly without once speaking of his own hardships.

Gladly he would have given his life for them, as he gave his food. The fortitude of this Moslem sailor under the greatest of all griefs will touch the hearts of fathers the whole world over.

DARWIN'S DAUGHTER

The Great Man and His Little Helper

Darwin's eldest daughter has just died. She was his helper as well as his child, and he was devoted to her.

When she was grown-up he wrote about her baby days. "How proud I was when you would come and sit on my knee, and there you sat for a long time, looking as solemn as a little judge."

When Henrietta was older she helped her father to correct his proofs. The great man of science used to write long, involved, difficult sentences, and when the first proofs came from the printer he used to try to straighten them out. Henrietta would suggest alterations, and her famous father would accept them gratefully. If by

The Dramatic Truth About Edith Cavell

How many people know the remarkable truth about the last hour of Edith Cavell? We believe the great story told in My Magazine for February will astonish most readers. This is from the Editor's introduction:

PATRIOTISM is not enough.

Little could Edith Cavell have imagined that in her last message to the world she was putting into four words the whole truth of the Great War.

LITTLE could she have imagined the dramatic witness to this truth that was to follow. A few

hours more, and she who spoke would be in Heaven, shot by an enemy, and beside her in the grave would lie a private soldier who refused to shoot her *because patriotism was not enough.*

It seems to us the symbolical story of the war, a story more dramatic and pathetic than most of us know.

The February number of the C.N. Monthly is ready everywhere from January 13. Ask for My Magazine.

chance he did not rewrite the passage according to her ideas he used almost to excuse himself, she said.

At last Darwin lost his helper. She married Richard Buckley Litchfield, who was one of the founders of the Working Men's College, and threw herself whole-heartedly into his work for education. To the end she was a happy woman because she read widely and kept abreast of the times, so that even at 84 life was still full of interest for her.

A BELL MAKES HISTORY

Back to Its Birthplace

One of the eight bells of Wimbledon Parish Church has made history by doing something no other bell has done.

After ringing for 360 years it has gone back to its birthplace, the foundry where it was made, to be tuned. Now it is pealing anew.

It is pleasant to think that the White-chapel Bell Foundry has been at work all these centuries, making bells to fill the steeples of England with music, and that it will go on with its melodious task in all probability long after the last jazz band is silent.

The bell which went home to be tuned was cast in about 1570, but one of its brothers at Wimbledon is possibly 60 years older. Long have they obeyed the inscription on one of them: *Prayse Ye The Lorde.*

THE WHITE CHRISTMAS

An Old-Fashioned Holiday at Last

FLOODED STREETS AND SNOWBOUND ROADS

Real old-fashioned Christmas weather we have had at last. How often people have said we never get it nowadays. They can say it no longer.

Christmas 1924 was memorable, as was Christmas 1906, but they were nothing compared with Christmas 1927. It snowed and snowed and snowed, with a bitter north-easterly gale, so that huge snowdrifts came, blocking roads and railways all over Southern England, though in the North the Sun shone bright and clear.

Motor-Cars Buried

It was the snowdrifts that made the storm so memorable. In many roads they were five feet high, and often when motor-cars ran into them they could not get out again. Many had to be abandoned, some of them completely buried. On the Southampton road near Hook a fleet of 50 meat-lorries was stranded. All about Southern England villages were isolated for days, and lonely cottagers kept life going as best they could. In some cases food was taken by air.

In railway cuttings drifts rose as high as 15 to 20 feet. No wonder that Southern railwaymen say it was the worst snowstorm they remember at any time! Holiday-makers returning home spent all night in the train; some are said to have spent all night in a car, buried in snow. Four important branch lines between Winchester and Salisbury had to be closed. In more than one place there were serious landslides.

Houses Flooded

The snow, following the rain, caused heavy floods in the Thames Valley, and bungalow dwellers had to leave their Christmas dinners in a hurry. At Canterbury the River Stour rose ten feet and the whole of the northern part of the town was flooded, 300 families being driven from home. Children were rescued through upper windows and carried away in boats.

The Channel crossing was almost completely suspended. On a Folkestone-Boulogne boat which braved the passage the forward hatches were torn off and a huge sea poured in and burst the bulkhead of a first-class saloon, terrifying the passengers and drenching them to the skin.

Lifeboats Busy

Deal pier was so severely damaged that it had to be closed for the first time in 50 years. Lifeboats were kept busy on the East Coast, the Cromer lifeboat being out for 13 hours with nothing for her crew to eat.

Flying stopped, too, on account, not only of the gale, but of the impossibility of landing and taking off. Only a little Avro plane which was fitted with skis, was able to carry on.

Telegraph and telephone wires suffered severely. In the London area alone 4000 telephone wires went down and countless aerials collapsed. Many telegraph poles were blown over. On the east face of Big Ben the snow stopped the hands at 6.25 on Boxing Day morning, but the hand on the other three faces kept going.

THE BRAVE STOKER

Few men have won the medal of the military division of the O.B.E. by a braver act than Stoker H. J. Mahoney of the destroyer Taurus.

A turbo-fan broke, severing some pipes, so that the boiler-room was filled with steam and large pieces of metal were hurled about. Mahoney instantly ordered the other men to leave, but remained behind himself, risking being scalded to death while he closed stop valves and did other things for the safety of the ship.

800 PEOPLE OF 80

SIR HENRY RANDALL'S HAPPY DAY

How He Spent it With His Old Friends and Neighbours

NOTHING LIKE GIVING

Sir Henry Randall did a splendid thing when he invited 800 people, all 80 or over, to his eightieth birthday party.

Nothing is drearier than a birthday party of guests whose ages differ, for some are too old to romp and others are too young to play games. But a party of people over 80 must be perfect. And so it was. Over 300 attended it, and the other hundreds were Mr. Randall's guests in their own homes.

It is easy to picture that handsome gathering. On all sides were silver gleaming hair, kind, twinkling eyes, ivory faces, or softly-flushed cheeks, everyone saying to everyone else, "You don't look old enough to be here." There was everywhere an exchange of memories, a revival of old jokes, and a feeling of reckless gaiety because many of the guests suspected that their doctors would not approve of the outing. What a red-letter day for the grannies and grandpas of Northampton! What a party to remember as they sit day after day by firesides which are very quiet and sometimes very lonely, while the busy world goes by outside!

101 Candles

It has been said that the children of today go to so many parties that a party is no longer a treat to them. But this is not true of the old people, and so perhaps they deserve more parties than the young ones. Certainly Mrs. Woodhouse of Harrogate was not bored by her recent birthday party. According to the old custom, she had a cake with a candle on it for every year she has lived, and the icing fairly bristled with coloured tapers, for there were 101!

Some people dread growing old, but this lady has found that a 101st birthday is as much fun as a 21st, and we venture to think that Sir Henry Randall is happier at 80 than at eight. His leisure is not curtailed by lessons and he is not worried by the problem of choosing a career. The fact that he has twice been Mayor and once Sheriff of Northampton is proof that he has lived the sort of life that brings a man respect and friendship.

And his dinner to the gallant 800 was proof of his quenchless youth. It was one of the happiest days of his life, he said, to see all these old friends, and he challenged any other town of 100,000 people to show as many vigorous octogenarians and nonagenarians as Northampton. He himself felt better and happier than 30 years ago.

We can well believe it. There is nothing like giving if you would be truly happy.

THINGS SAID

Children's taste in pictures is surprisingly sound.

A Board of Education Committee

The race is to the swift, but the joy of running is to everyone.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

He is the truest patriot who wins most friends for his country.

Sir Herbert Samuel

I am not happy when I think that a hundred thousand people can attend a dog race.

Mr. J. H. Thomas

An unnatural madness in art can be traced through most parts of this semi-civilised world.

Sir Frank Dicksee

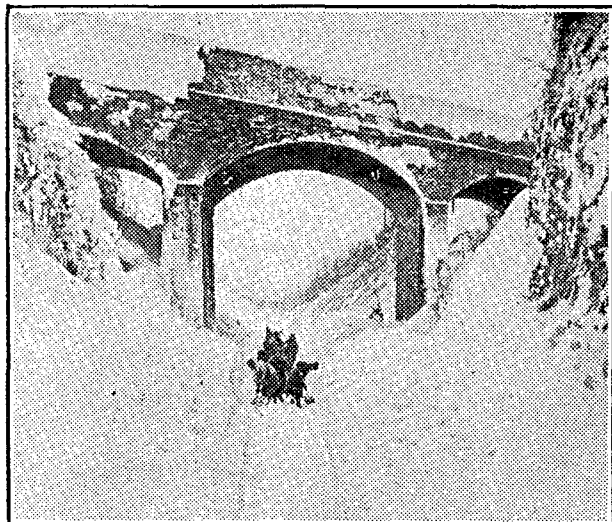
What has 2000 years of Christianity done? It has brought public opinion down on the side of right.

Dean of Westminster

We have built up in this misty and storm-driven island a better standard of life than is found anywhere in Europe.

Mr. Winston Churchill

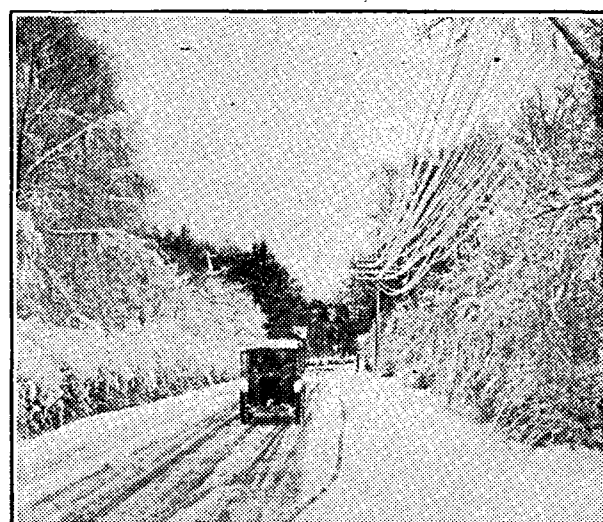
ENGLAND IN THE GRIP OF SNOW AND ICE



Clearing a railway-cutting near Winchester



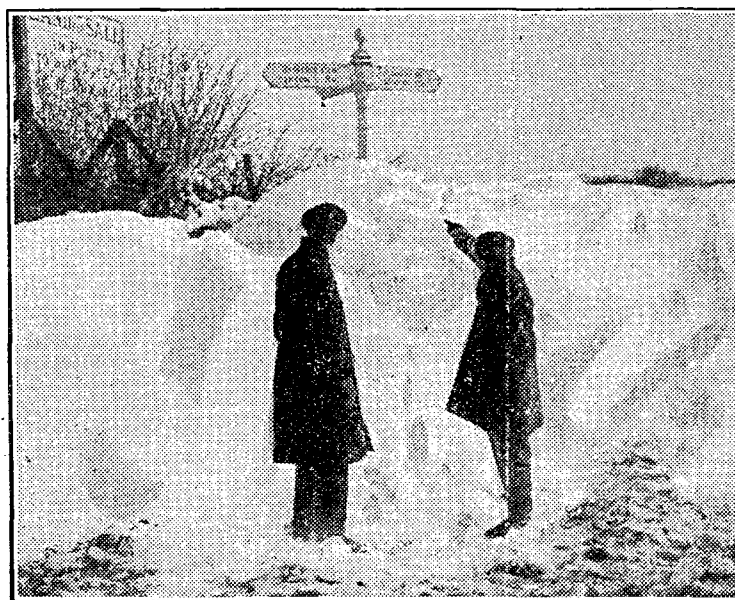
A merry toboggan ride at Buxton



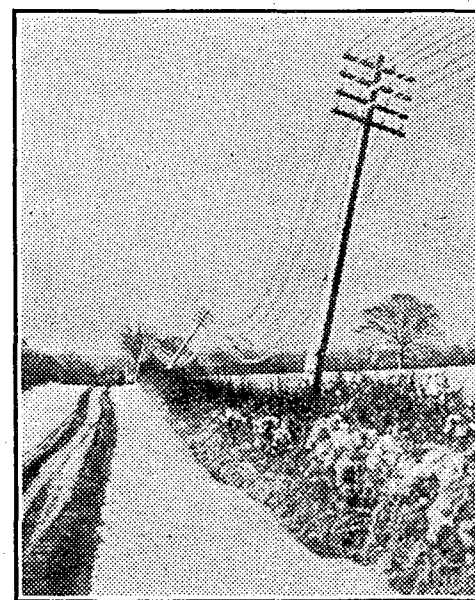
A scene on the road to Brighton



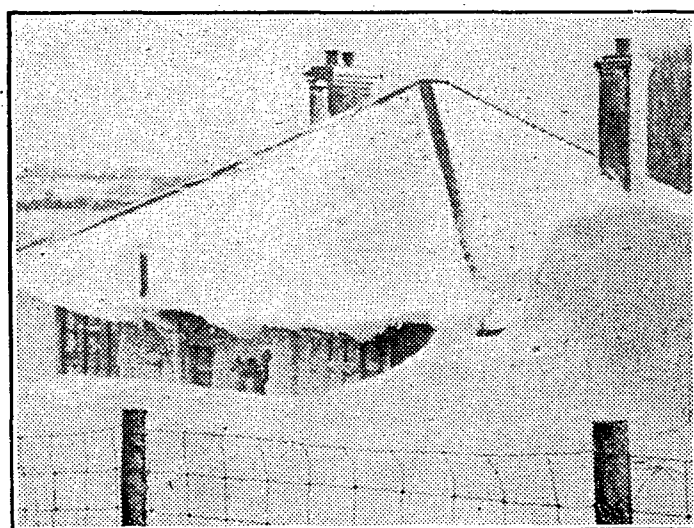
A buried car at Biggin Hill, Kent



A signpost near St. Albans nearly buried



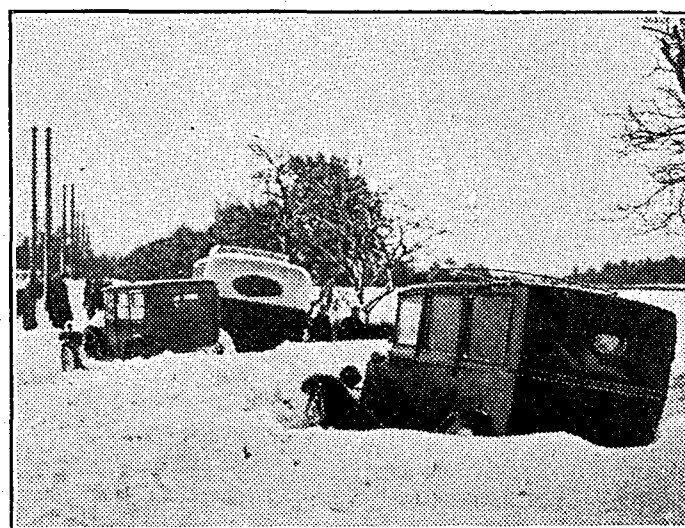
The effect of the storm on telegraph lines



A house snowed up at Biggin Hill



The milkman uses a sleigh



Motor-cars embedded in the snow on a Kent road



Digging out the railway track in Hertfordshire



A ski-run over the golf-links at Buxton



A horse-sleigh at Laurencekirk, Scotland

These pictures show some of the remarkable scenes that have been witnessed throughout England as a result of the heaviest fall of snow for many years. Trains were stopped by deep snowdrifts and motor-cars were completely buried for several days. Many villages were quite isolated. Tobogganing and ski-ing have been in full swing all over the country, and England has looked like Switzerland in the midst of its winter sports. Curiously enough, at some of the Alpine resorts winter sports have been held up for want of snow.

THE TRAMP PASSING BY A GOOD SAMARITAN IN TIME

The Good Turn He Did on His Way to Find Work

END OF AN ACT OF FOLLY

This story of a bit of everyday heroism reaches us from the North of England, where it happened just before Christmas.

A tramp was footing it along the road to Sheffield where the railway line nearly touches it at Mottram. He was nearing Hattersley Tunnel, where the trains come out with a roar, when he heard some boys shouting from the line.

He was passing on, not being at the time very interested in boys or in railways on which he had no money to spend, when something in the shouting made him think again. He looked over the fence, and there was a boy in the middle of the track who was doing more than shout; he was crying for help.

The Fatal Attraction

Down the bank to the line scrambled the tramp, and there he found that the boy who was calling loudest had most reason for it. He was stuck. The boys, being boys, had been unable to resist the fatal attraction of going where they had no business to be; and in one of their dashes across the rails this boy's foot had slipped between a sleeper and a steel rod connected with the signals. He was a plucky boy, but he was beginning now to whimper with sheer fright.

The tramp, who had a fellow-feeling for people in trouble, told him not to bother, it would soon be all right, and looked round for something to prise the steel bar away. There was nothing.

But he was a resourceful man for a tramp. "Let's loosen thy shoelace, lad," said he, "and happen tha'll get thy foot out." He unlaced the boot, but the boy still could not wriggle his foot out.

Then the tramp began to walk up the line, searching for something, anything, that would lever the bar away. He had not gone twenty yards before he stopped, stricken almost motionless with fright. A whistle shrieked from the other end of the tunnel as a train entered it. The train would be on them immediately.

The One Thing Left to Do

For a moment the tramp lost his wits. The impulse to run away bore down on him; he afterwards said so. But it lasted only a second, and as the horror left him he became a man again, with all his wits about him.

He could not drag the boy out. There was no time to stop the train. There was one thing only left to do. The tramp did it.

He twisted the boy's foot over and made him lie down by the track. The boy was terribly hurt, but there was no other way, and the tramp, to give him courage, lay down beside him.

All was done more quickly than it takes time to write or to tell it, and hardly had the man and the boy lain down side by side than the express dashed past them with a roar and in a cloud of dust. The boy fainted with pain and fear, but he was able presently to stand up again.

A Sheffield Man

By now people from the little town of Mottram near by were beginning to come on the scene; the boy was released.

And what of the tramp? He would have gone on his way, but the people of Mottram would not have that. They soon haled him back with them. They entertained him. They made a collection for him. We may guess how the mother of Herbert Nowles thanked him.

But the next morning the tramp was gone. He was on his way again. He was a Sheffield man, and he wanted work. We hope he found it.

THE BIRD WATCHER OF BREAN DOWN A Little Visit to a Sanctuary

By a Travelling Correspondent

The stag-hunters of Somerset have not been able to crush out the spirit of mercy in that fair county. One of our travelling correspondents went not long ago to see the Bird Sanctuary at Brean Down, off the Somersetshire coast.

Brean Down has been a sanctuary for birds for many years. A ferry boat enables one to cross the river separating it from the mainland, and a wind-blown causeway leads across the mud flats to the shores of this lonely place.

On reaching them the first thing which attracts attention is a board placed by the Society for the Protection of Wild Birds notifying the sanctuary the promontory provides for all winged creatures, and pointing out that no eggs may be touched, no birds molested.

The wild flowers seem to share in this protection, for the rocky sides of the down were carpeted with white rock roses, yellow stonecrop, campion, and masses of other flowers. The promontory stretches out toward the Atlantic, and echoes to its roar.

A Friendly Robin

On its western side is situated the home of the Bird Watcher, Captain Cox. After sharing my lunch with a friendly robin which came to my call as if anxious to do the honours of the place, I passed on my daily paper to the Watcher.

He showed me his quarters, and said he was afraid I should think them very bare. But no place looks bare which has books in it. He showed me some of the delightful photographs he had taken of wild animals in various parts of the world—in India, Mesopotamia, Africa, and elsewhere. He has the eyes of a traveller and of a keen observer.

He lent me his field-glasses that I might watch the sheldrake floating on the waves below. They are beautifully coloured birds, with smart neckbands of a rich chestnut. In one place, where a smooth bank of cliff shelved down to the sea, they seemed to be holding a parliament. The peregrine falcon is also to be seen on the promontory, and Captain Cox told me that five young ravens were then on the wing.

I left his home glad to think that the birds in that lovely place have so able and sympathetic a protector.

ALL ITALY IN A LAKE

A Jolly Map

A fascinating idea for a map which will make all Italian boys and girls want to see Italy first has just been approved by Mussolini.

The map is to be in relief, but is not to be hung on a wall. It is to be planted in a lake in the garden of a Roman villa, where the water will represent the Mediterranean.

It is to be such a big map that all the mountains of Italy, from the Alps and the Apennines to Cape Passaro, can be put in, and everything else is to be modelled to scale—rivers, lakes, railways, and cities old and new. Lake Nemi, where the Emperor Caligula's sunken galleys are, will be there, and so will Venice with its canals, and Siena, and Florence, and all the hill towns, and those which glitter in the plain.

The famous rivers, the hurrying Adige, the deliberate Po, the silver Arno, and the yellow Tiber, will be represented in all their curves and windings by rivulets of running water.

So the young Italians will be able to walk round the lake, which is in the grounds of the Villa Umberto, and in a few minutes see what the land they were born in is like and the many reasons it gives them to be proud of it.

THE MAGICIAN'S BOX Brown Beans and Crystal

There lately passed through London a young American scientist, Dr. Ralph Linton, who has spent two years in the interior of Madagascar and is now returning to Chicago with 4000 specimens and notebooks packed with important information for the Field Museum of Natural History, which sent him to conduct a survey in the great African island.

Among the curious things he showed a C.N. correspondent was a little wooden box containing brown beans and a piece of crystal. This was a sorcerer's box, and with these beans the wise men claim to perform miracles. They are a friendly folk, and quite ready to teach their methods for a small fee!

Dr. Linton lived among the people, studying them and learning their ways. Many of their customs and words, he says, are similar to those of the peoples of the South Sea Islands, 2000 miles away. This is probably due to the fact that both the Polynesians and the Malaysians come from some common race in Southern India or Java. Some of their folk adventured East and settled in the islands of the Pacific, and others went westward, travelling in their small boats by way of the coasts of India, Persia, and Somaliland, south to the island they now inhabit. This was probably years before the Christian era.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP Equal to 1400 Million Candles

Paris, Voltaire's City of Light, boasts today the most powerful flashlight lamp in the world.

Its light, generated by electric current, is equal to 1,400 million candles. When we consider that 1,400 million ordinary candles put end to end would extend eight to ten times round the Earth, and almost far enough to reach the Moon, we realise how far man has travelled as light-maker since the days of the first tallow candle.

Even if medieval man had been able to manufacture 1,400 million candles and put them in 1,400 million candlesticks the whole population of the world could not have set them alight; today a single man moves a switch, there is a maelstrom in the ether, the light of 1,400 million candles bursts into flame.

So powerful is the lamp in Paris that from the top of the Eiffel Tower it would be visible for hundreds of miles; and if the Eiffel Tower were twice as high a man with field-glasses at Vienna would be able to see it quite clearly. The heat in the centre of the electric flame which radiates the light reaches 6500 degrees Centigrade. That is to say, it equals the heat at the surface of the Sun!

A-MILE-A-MINUTE BOAT Has a Speed Problem Been Solved at Last?

Land and air travel, by train and car and aeroplane, grows ever faster, but travel by water has always lagged behind.

Now, it would seem, this is to be ended. A boat has been produced which can travel as fast as a train.

A former naval officer, Johannes Plum, a Dane living in America, has invented a new kind of boat, which reached a speed of 65 miles an hour in its trial.

The secret of the vessel's speed is in her tail. Her name is Fantail, and she has a tail like a whale, a spreading, horizontal plane, which by its action lifts her nose right out of the water, so that she skims the surface instead of cutting through it.

The Fantail has two 500-horse-power engines, and her tail is worked by compressed air. In her trial in Long Island Sound she carried 24 people and had a load-weight of some 4000 pounds. She is 38 feet long and nine feet wide.

MENDING BROKEN LIVES

Those Who Help to Do It

BAD NEWS AND GOOD NEWS

One day an evangelist walked into an editor's room and said to him:

"Sir, sin is news and news is sin; what are you going to do about it?"

The editor admits that after twenty years he has not found an answer to that question. He says that sin—burglary, murder, and cruelty—is news, and people want to read about it.

The C.N., on the contrary, believes that progress is news, and self-sacrifice is news, and that a new discovery is news. It has no interest in sin.

But no one could help being interested in the folk who go to Sin after it has had its punishment in prison and say "If you want to start afresh we will help you."

That is what the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society does. In one year it has dealt with 522 cases, and only eight proved unworthy or refused help. It is not claimed that all the 514 others were completely reformed, but, at any rate, each was found work and given a real chance to win back his self-respect.

Examples of Good Work

All sorts of men have been helped, from a Public School man who misappropriated funds and brought his family to bankruptcy to an ex-sailor who became a thief in one fit of foolishness. He came out of prison without a pension or a character, and eight children were dependent on him. As he was 56 the Society found it difficult to get him new work, and at length they set him up in a boot-repairing business.

It is hard for an ex-convict to start afresh without help. One elderly professional man was unable to get work for eight weary months. Another, who had once held a high position in the engineering world, was forbidden to see his wife and children by his angry father-in-law. Thanks to the Society, both men have been saved from despair, and the engineer is now a prosperous man, happy with his family.

It is part of the Society's work to help the children of men who are in prison, and many a broken life have they mended. We do not wonder that the King is the patron of such a Society, and we think its report is far more interesting to read than a murder trial.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The walls of Boston Stump, in Lincolnshire, are badly cracked.

There are now nearly three million dogs licensed in this country.

It is said that London bought about 200 million oranges at Christmas.

A Reminder from Derby

A Derby reader reminds us that Derby trams have boxes for used tickets to save the littering of the streets with them.

Doing Good by Stealth

Somebody unknown has dropped £100 in Treasury notes into the Westminster Hospital box.

Cottage Gardener's 500 Prizes

Mr. William Williams, of Pencarreg, Carmarthenshire, a cottage gardener, has won 500 first prizes at various shows.

A Good Turn

British Scouts at Glion, Switzerland, are paying out of their pocket-money for the maintenance of a British Scout undergoing sunlight treatment at Leysin.

End of the Long Drought

Splendid rains in Queensland, and New South Wales have broken the long drought over thousands of square miles of country.

Letters in a Bottle

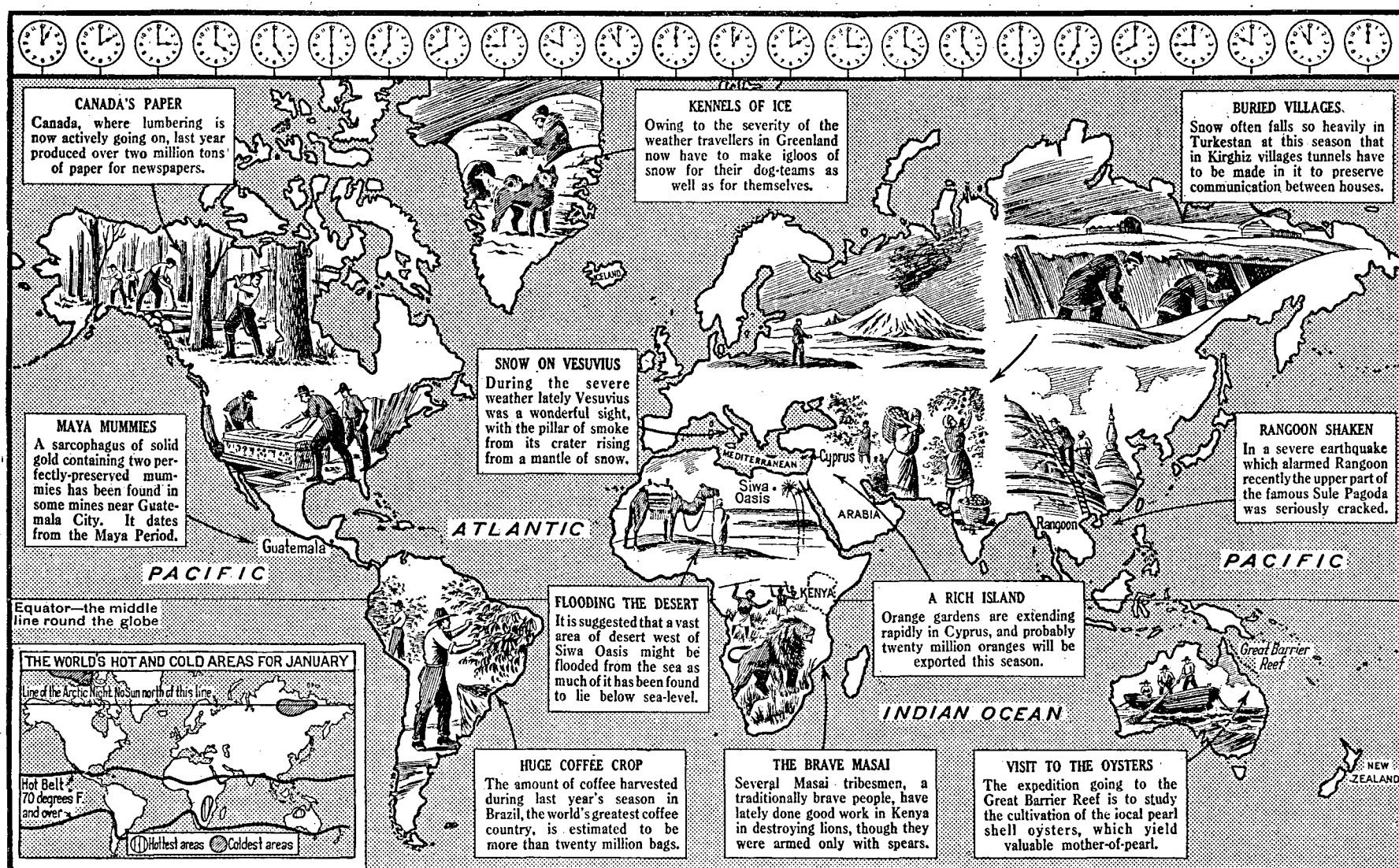
A bottle thrown into the sea at Hunstanton last July, with letters to boys at a Skegness school, was found at the end of October at Terrington Marsh, near King's Lynn.

January 14, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

5

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



DYING SINGING

A Man Who Saved 500 Ships

Singing an old shanty, there died the other day a seaman who saved England 500 ships and their cargoes.

If it had not been for the brilliant salvage work of Captain Sir Frederic Young England would have been poorer by at least 500 million pounds.

Captain Young came of a seafaring family, and after some years of life at sea began to specialise in salvage work. Soon he became famous for his success. When a ship was sunk where there was any chance at all of saving her it became the natural thing to send to the Liverpool Salvage Association and ask for Captain Young.

When the war came he was nearly 60, but he was soon at sea with the Grand Fleet. His task was to construct booms to protect river mouths and harbours, to raise sunken submarines, to repair battleships, and do a score of queer jobs that helped to keep the fleet safe.

Perhaps his most dramatic task was the rescue of the crew of the submarine K13, which sank at Gairloch; but next to that came his method of blocking the mouth of Portland Harbour by sinking the battleship Hood bottom up. Then he did a remarkable thing in raising the Araby in Boulogne Harbour and bringing her back to the Thames in two pieces, and on another occasion he hauled up a sunken transport at Folkestone with the aid of four railway engines.

This fine seaman was given the K.B.E., and none deserved a knighthood better. We like to think that he died singing a song of the sea.

A CHILD IN LONDON

The London streets are reckoned to be three times as dangerous for children as the streets of the rest of the country.

During 1926 nearly ten thousand children were injured or killed in the Metropolitan Police area. The number killed was 233. In the first nine months of last-year the number killed was 166.

BIRDS CROSS THE SEA
English Canaries For America

One of the curiosities of international trade is the export of English canaries to America.

In thousands of American homes at Christmas life was made brighter by the arrival of these small songsters straight from the Old Country. For weeks before the great holiday each White Star liner carried anything up to a thousand of them on its westward trip.

Instead of the tiny wooden cages of former days the canaries travel in companies of from 20 to 25 in wire-fronted coops, the coops being placed in a large, airy room amidships, where a visitor may hear hundreds of birds in full song at once. For they are good sailors, and not one in a hundred is lost on the voyage.

Twenty years ago these emigrant canaries came mostly from Norwich, but now the majority are exported from Yorkshire and Lancashire.

A TINY COUNTRY'S
DISASTERFlooded From End to End By
the Rhine

Not many countries have suffered the flooding of the whole of their agricultural land at one swoop, but that is what lately happened to the sovereign State of Liechtenstein.

Liechtenstein borders the Rhine between Switzerland and Austria, and it is to the Rhine it owes this disaster as well as the fertility which makes the disaster so grave a loss. The total area of this tiny State, much of it mountainous, is only 60 square miles, and its population is only 11,500, so that the resources it can fall back upon are not great.

Crops, cattle, houses, and many human lives have been destroyed.

LOST AND FOUND IN
THE DESERTThe Tracks That Saved Three
Travellers

Many a traveller has been lost in the desert, but two Australians foresaw no such peril when they set out for a motor run in the Cooper Creek Sand Hill country the other day.

They were Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, and with them went their three-year-old child. For a long time they did not realise they were on the wrong track, and when they did discover it they were hopelessly lost. They wandered vainly about till petrol ran low, and finally the car was bogged in the soft, treacherous sand. There they remained, without water, for two days and nights.

Another motorist coming along that way saw wheel-tracks turning off on the wrong road, and followed the tracks for 100 miles through wild country never before explored by cars. After 25 hours the search was rewarded. The Walshes were found, nearly exhausted from shock and thirst.

THE OLD FOLK'S GOOD
DAY

A Pension Correction

In telling on Christmas Eve of the half million old folk who were to come into pensions in the New Year we made an unfortunate error.

The strict conditions as to means have not been removed for everyone over 70, as we said, but only for those under Health Insurance.

Uninsured persons having more than £26 5s. a year (or £65 5s. including unearned income) will still get less than 10s. a week, and those having £49 17s. 6d. (£88 17s. 6d. with unearned income) will get nothing at all.

Of course it is easy to starve on £50 a year, and some day the limit must be removed, or at least raised. But that day has not come yet.

A VOICE WENT FORTH
A Sad Story From a Cathedral

This is a true story told by the Gramophone Company concerning one of their records.

In Hereford Cathedral the music of César Franck's Symphony was throbbing in the ears of the audience at the Three Choirs Festival a few months ago. The first movement ended, and the pause seemed to plunge the cathedral in a deeper silence than would have been possible if there had been no harmony of lovely sounds to precede it. Not a sound was heard, not a whispered note.

Stay—could a whisper have come from that rapt congregation of listeners? It had, though perhaps only one person noted it. But the attentive microphone which was recording the music for the gramophone caught it up.

In the van where the microphone's vibrations responding to the sounds could be clearly heard the whisper shot across the silent pause. A woman's voice, charged with simple emotion, said, "Tell me, my dear, where do you get your stockings?"

There was no harm in the inquiry, perhaps, though it is a pity it should come at such a moment in such a place. Even in the midst of César Franck's Symphony one woman asked another that searching question. The man in the recording van heard it with anguish. It would appear on the record!

A gleam of hope remained that the wax on the record might not have been indented by the sound interpolated in the pause of the music. The hope proved vain. When the record was developed the homely query leaped out, more striking even than the music because it was so odd.

It could not be cut out by any means whatever, and "The Stocking Symphony" was heard only in the studio. This César Franck Symphony record will not appear in public.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 14

1928

A Thing That Beats the Novelists

It has always seemed to us strange that people must have stories invented to interest them and that there has grown up a race of novelists to supply them. The gospel of the C.N. has always been that the world is more interesting than any novel.

Take the weather. Give it to a novelist and he would smile, but it beats any of his plots that we have seen. We began our little bit of it on a Saturday at King's Cross. It was noonday by the clock and midnight by the weather. The car crept like a timid serpent in and out of streets.

Chapter Two was a few minutes later, in the Strand. Just round a corner or two and we were in full noon again, rushing through the greatest city in the world, with its happy throngs looking round for the last time before Christmas.

Chapter Three took us on to Westminster Bridge, where Wordsworth stood and said to himself *Earth has not anything to show more fair*. He could hardly have said so as we stood there, for it seemed as if the bridge was broken down and on the other side was nothing. There was the fog once more, and the sight that makes this bridge the finest entrance to any city in the world was blotted out.

Chapter Four took us a few miles farther into the country. It was a bright afternoon, and the Sun that makes the whole world glad was shining on the fields of Kent.

Chapter Five brought us to a village on whose banks the Romans used to live, past the church the Normans helped to build, over the bridge where people gathered to listen to John Wesley, and up to the hilltop above the church steeple. But, lo! what has happened? The village is swallowed up by a great white snake. The valley that reaches for ten miles to the horizon has disappeared. There is nothing about us but a few hilltops, like islands rising in the sea. It is a wondrous sight, with a silence broken suddenly by a rushing sound. Lost in the cloud is a railway, and in that great white mist a train is roaring by. It seemed to us like a submarine.

Chapter Six takes a leap across Christmas and wakes us up on Monday morning. Our hilltop stands like a throne in a new white world. There is no way down to the village. The drive is level with the top of its banks, three feet in snow. A white wall in the wood is six feet deep. The world is like the gate of Heaven.

And so, Why do we want our novelists? And why quarrel about the weather? We think it the most interesting thing in the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Two Boys

WE have just been hearing of two real little boys, alive now.

One is described in a charming book called *The Story of a Child*, by a man who died soon after it was written, Lewis Hind.

Julius Caesar was the name given to this small lad, who was adopted. What we shall always remember about him was the prayer taught him by his devoted friend. Here it is; perhaps you will learn it and say it:

I live and die in the belief that God is Love, and the more we love each other the nearer we draw to Him.

The other little boy, John, we have not seen either, but we hear that when he arrived at school the other day, at the time for saying prayers before bed, he asked: *What's prayers?*

The nine-year-old prefect of the dormitory only answered: "You must try and pray. Say after me *Our Father*."

The poor lad's eyes grew bright with curiosity. *Who's He?* he cried out, almost loud.

Two boys, and what a difference! We are glad to know that a very kind matron is taking a lot of trouble in telling John about the Father. Who watches over all of us.

Manners

A FEW weeks ago the C.N. was talking about good manners, and now there comes to the Editor's desk another little story to prove that the C.N. was right in saying that kindness and courtesy seem to meet everywhere.

It was getting late, and the last bus was threading its way down Knightsbridge, carrying back to their homes many tired people, who had spent the day in many ways. One young man in evening dress came out of a great hotel and was about to jump on to the bus, but stood aside to let a flower-woman clamber in with her basket of unsold flowers. He then followed and sat down beside her.

The conductor evidently thought he would play a joke on the young man, for he went up to him and said: "Two, Sir?"

The man was equal to the occasion. With natural courtesy he raised his hat, turned to the flower-woman, and said: "May I?" and proceeded to collect two tickets from a surprised conductor.

A Prayer For All Dumb Friends

Hear our humble prayer, O God, for our friends the animals, especially for animals who are suffering; for all that are overworked and underfed and cruelly treated; for all wistful creatures in captivity that beat against their bars; for any that are hunted or lost or deserted or frightened or hungry; for all that are in pain or dying; for all that must be put to death.

We entreat for them all Thy mercy and pity, and for those who deal with them we ask a heart of compassion and gentle hands and kindly words.

Our Friend the Postman

Is it not time the Post Office put an end to the custom of allowing its employees to beg at the door for a Christmas box?

There is surely something undignified in a well-dressed and well-paid official of the State demanding tips from a lady at the door, probably from a lady less well paid than he is.

The patient postman is the man in the world we are most willing to tip, and if only for that reason the system of demanding these gratuities seems quite uncalled-for. It should end.

Tip-Cat

EVERY generation is said to go its own sweet way. But it is always ready to stop at a toffee palace.

WHAT a wonderful cook the girl of today would make if she could find a kitchen run by a steering-wheel!

THERE are few things more pleasant than to be entirely alone. For those who enjoy talking to themselves.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



Who caught the breadwinner loafing

ladies who dry-clean themselves between the acts.

SOME folk drink ten cups of coffee a day. Most likely they have no other grounds to cultivate.

SOCIETY is not based on the policeman. Or he could not so often sit on some of its members.

THE vital organ of genius in the body is the heart, not the brain. Except when the genius is a vocalist.

Yesterday

Dig the grave of Yesterday,
Dig it wide and dig it deep;
Lay his cares and crowns away,
Never stay to wail or weep.

He who broods on battles lost
Never more will do or dare,
Ever trembles, counts the cost,
And is conquered by despair.

He who gloats on what is won
Grows content to rest and rust.
Half our work is still undone;
Onward let the march be thrust!

Yesterday is dead and gone,
But his heir, the young Today,
Waits to lead the army on:
Dig the grave and come away!

Peggy's Yacht

By a London Boy

EVERY morning I see Peggy. First of all, at half-past eight, she stands by the taffrail of her yacht, a white-painted craft that was once a big Irish trawler.

Then one of the hands hauls in the yacht's dinghy and brings it alongside, and Peggy, with her satchel of books, steps daintily down the steps of the short companion ladder and jumps into the little boat.

She used to be rowed ashore, but lately a small motor was put in the stern of the dinghy, and it thud-thud-thuds its way to the tiny dock, not bigger than a good-sized sitting-room, under the shadow of the bridge. One day in the very cold weather the motor was not at its best. The dinghy could hardly stem the tide; and I watched Peggy, hardly able to keep from jiggling impatiently up and down as she stood up and watched her boatman tinkering with the starter.

A Smile From Everyone

For, you must know, Peggy is on her way to school. Hardly has the dinghy reached the tiny dock than she skips ashore, trips swiftly up the steps, and is on her way—a trim little figure with her brown coat, brown stockings, and brown shoes. The girls who are going to work in offices and must be there at nine o'clock, when Peggy will have reached school, always smile as she goes by among them; and so do I, and so would anyone.

She is the dearest little time-keeper you ever did see, and Peggy is the only name I know for her. Not many who see her on the bridge can guess that she comes from a yacht of her own, and few would guess that the yacht lies only two miles from Charing Cross.

Stormbound With a Book

Tempest, prevail!
What joys to me belong:
God in this gale
And Shelley in this song.

Egbert Sandford

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A HASTINGS boatman has saved a flock of 28 sheep by rowing them a quarter of a mile from a flooded farm.

ALL objectionable electric signs are being pulled down in Paris.

AN unknown Australian sent £1000 for poor people in England at Christmas-time.

EVERY Northampton policeman subscribed to provide 130 poor people with coal for the New Year.

A BAKER's boy whose broken leg was set in a Liverpool hospital forty years ago has died in America and left the hospital £400.

THE King of Afghanistan says progress in the Mohammedan world is impossible without granting education to women.

GLOZEL

WHAT ABOUT IT?

The Discovery That is Very
Like a Hoax

3000 OBJECTS OF MYSTERY

Perhaps it is time the C.N. said a word about Glozel, which has been figuring for so long in the grown-up papers of the world.

After a fierce struggle between believers and doubters some strange clay gods and polished stones and clay tablets with symbols scratched on them have been within an ace of establishing themselves as the first tokens the Stone Age men ever gave that they had begun to set down signs in writing.

The discovery of these objects was made at Glozel, near Vichy, at what was supposed to be the burying-place of some of the later Stone Age men, the Neolithic invaders who are sometimes credited with having brought with them the stone axe.

The Ancient Cave Dwellers

One would not be surprised to find such a cemetery or valuable objects hidden in it at Glozel because it is little removed from the neighbourhood of the Tarn, the Lot, and the Dordogne, these rivers cleaving the central plateau of France, by the caves of which lived race after race of European Stone Age men, flint-workers of the Old Stone Age, the reindeer men who were the hunters, and others who kept herds or tilled the ground and who came after them.

Why, then, should any finds in such a cemetery arouse such interest and excite dispute? The answer reminds us of the long controversy about the flints which Benjamin Harrison found near Ightham. These prehistoric flints were evidently so much older than other flints which Stone Age men had chipped that many people denied they could ever have been chipped by man's hand at all. For a number of years it was roundly asserted that they were natural freaks, and that their resemblance to chipped hide-scrapers, hammers, or other artificially-made tools was accidental.

A Stone Age Alphabet

Eoliths, as we call these stones, came to their own because they stood the test of the severest examination by experts in archaeology. Those found at Glozel have not been so successful in surviving adverse criticism.

When the tablets and other objects were first dug up a claim was made for them which sent a thrill through the world of archaeology. On the Glozel tablets were scratched characters which resembled the letters of the Phoenician alphabet in some remote way. They were not the same, nor were they quite like written characters found in Crete, nor those of the uncomprehended alphabet of the Etruscans. But they did resemble lettering of some kind, and Dr. Morlet, backed up by Dr. Salomon Reinach, claimed that they were the first glimmerings of a Stone Age alphabet, written many thousands of years before Babylon or the Pharaohs existed.

An Embittered Dispute

The idea was at once attacked, and more than one expert said the inscriptions were neither more nor less than forgeries. The C.N. left them alone, feeling that they could not be genuine. So bitter grew the dispute that the French Government appointed a Commission of archaeologists, with representatives from England, Spain, Switzerland, and several from France, headed by a Government representative.

They went to Glozel and dug for themselves. It all seemed too good to be true, and now the commission, composed of learned men even more eminent and experienced than those who thought the Glozel clay tablets were as old as they seemed, have declared that it is not true. They say that somebody who lived at least 6000 years later than the Cave Men cut the characters on

THE TRAIN ON THE GREAT PLAIN

OUR correspondent in Central Australia (Mrs. Daisy Bates) has already described how a fresh group of Aborigines recently approached her camp, but were terrified and fled at the sight and sound of a train, which they thought was the great man-eating snake living, according to their legends, on the great plain and making it uninhabitable for them.

The natives at the camp, the farthest point to which the railway goes, have now discovered from the tracks that the panic-stricken fugitives were all relatives of a group that arrived seven years ago.

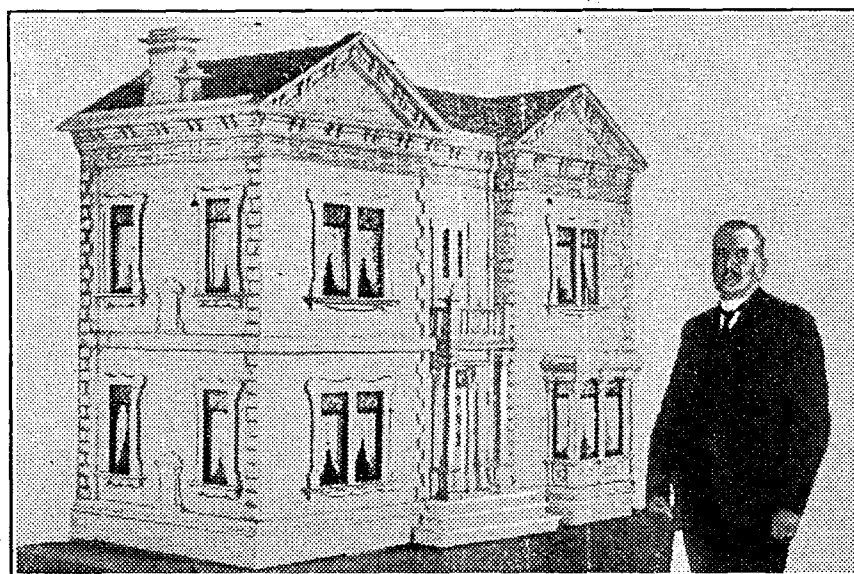
The plain, tenanted, as they thought, by the giant snake which would kill and devour any native venturing to cross it, is 450 miles long. No natives had ever crossed it or slept on it until they went there under the protection of British kangaroo hunters. Sometimes they had followed the tracks of edible snakes along the fringe of the plain;

but the first human feet to cross it were British. When the natives ventured to accompany the white man they went in constant terror; and the women whimpered all night with fear as they crouched near the white man's camp.

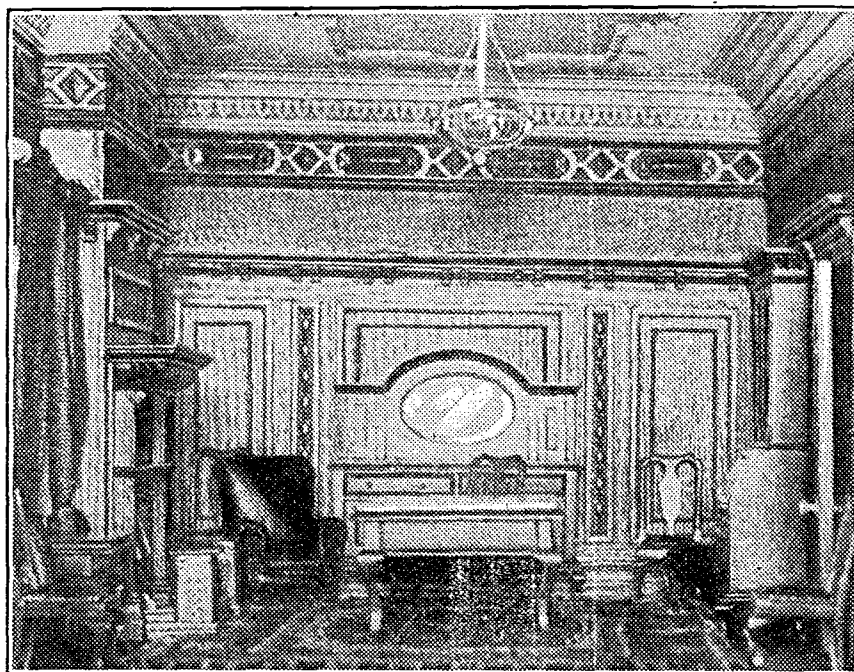
Mrs. Bates suggests that this great level plain may some time become Australia's practising ground for aircraft, for there every kind of wind that blows has free play. There are horizontal winds, vertical winds, and "ribbon" winds. The winds scoop out little valleys between the sandhills along the plain and then run along the valleys they have made. The winds in the valleys are the ribbon winds. They will run along a gully till they find an opening into another gully, while not a breath of wind is felt outside the containing sandhills.

Could there be a better place for the study of winds in relation to aircraft?

A YORKSHIRE MAN AND HIS HOUSE



Mr. Batty and his Doll's House



The dining-room, only a few inches high

This is the model house made by a clever Yorkshireman, Mr. Batty of Drighlington, who has worked on it for twenty years. The Queen's Doll's House, which is about the same size, was produced by a large number of craftsmen, but Mr. Batty's is entirely the work of his own hands. We congratulate him on his achievement.

the tablets. In other words, they are modern. It seems a sad disappointment.

The whole history of the Glozel finds is very odd. The clay tablets, shaped like dog-biscuits, were first found in 1924 by Emile Fradin, a boy in his teens, who was ploughing a field. He turned up something which was evidently the remains of a glass furnace. M. Clement, a schoolmaster, became interested, and in January, 1925, the first clay tablet was unearthed. Dr. Morlet, a Vichy doctor, and Dr. Salomon Reinach were drawn to the spot. Dr. Reinach's name

is known all over the world, and when he was convinced that he was in the presence of Stone Age relics the story and all it might mean was fully launched.

The most difficult thing to explain, if the relics are not what they were thought to be, but merely imitations, is Who put them there and why? There are nearly 3000 objects in all.

It is a great mystery, and a fierce and angry controversy has grown up about it. It appears, after all, that our Cave Men forefathers in the West were not so well educated as we hoped.

FAME FROM A MOSQUITO

INSECTS AND THE NOBEL PRIZE

The Triumph of a Vienna Professor and What it Means

HOPE FOR SAD PEOPLE

The great victory won over malaria some thirty years ago by Sir Ronald Ross and the more recent victory over general paralysis won by Professor Wagner-Jauregg, of Vienna, must be considered two of the greatest achievements in the history of medicine.

Both victors must go down to fame arm in arm, and both, strangely and dramatically enough, owe their fame to a mosquito. Not only are both Nobel prizemen, but it is remarkable that Sir Ronald Ross won his prize by convicting a mosquito of crime, catching it in the act, and that Professor Wagner-Jauregg won his prize by proving that the criminal mosquito could be made a minister of healing.

Bane and Antidote

Ross proved that the Anopheles mosquito injected into the blood of man the germ of malaria, and Wagner-Jauregg proved that if patients suffering from general paralysis are bitten by infected mosquitoes about thirty per cent of them recover. Ross taught mankind how to evade and avoid a disease which in the course of centuries has slain and disabled millions, a disease which has depopulated many lands and which some believe to have been the cause of the decline of Ancient Greece. He showed that the little Anopheles mosquito was the cause of malaria.

And now, within the last ten years, Wagner-Jauregg has shown that Anopheles, by infecting a man with malaria, may sometimes cure general paralysis, perhaps the most hideous disease known to humanity, a disease where the mind gradually decays with a decaying brain. Till Wagner-Jauregg's discovery the diagnosis of general paralysis meant inevitable and ghastly death.

Malaria and Paralysis

For nearly forty years Professor Wagner-Jauregg had been making experiments to show the effects of fever in general paralysis before he called the mosquito to his aid. He had experimented with milk, tuberculin, and other substances, all with little success, but eventually, noting that sufferers from general paralysis improved after attacks of malaria, he made careful investigations in that direction and succeeded in demonstrating, by experiments on more than a thousand patients, that a few attacks of malarial fever could restore to sanity and health about 30 per cent of paralytics otherwise doomed to a miserable end. The recovery of a general paralytic is more than a cure; it is almost a resurrection.

Professor Wagner-Jauregg's discovery has put him among the immortals, along with such saviours of mankind as Pasteur, Lister, Ross, Jenner, Bering, and Banting. To him we also owe the discovery of ionisation as a means of introducing drugs through the skin, for in 1885 he proved that the tissues could be anaesthetised by the introduction of cocaine in this way.

THE C.N. AS A PRIZE

Mr. H. E. Roberts, an enterprising Manchester newsagent, has offered a year's subscription to the Children's Newspaper to two boys and two girls in St. Paul's School, Bennett Street, for the best essays on one of the following subjects: Are we better off than our parents? The value of reading; and Seeing the world by means of a newspaper or magazine. The prize-winners were: firsts, Thomas Gibbs and Doris Day and, seconds: Samuel Mills and Olga Hewitt.

A LITTLE DEPUTATION OF THE POOR

Would a Rich Man Change His Mother?

A LITTLE LESSON IN VALUES

Not long ago a family of rich people bought a ranch in Santa Cruz.

Like many other foolish folk, they thought money was far more important than it is, and they could not understand any value except money value. For instance, they could not imagine anyone loving a mongrel dog for its faithfulness because such a cur would not be worth anything in money.

Now, the poor Mexican folk who lived near the rich man's ranch had a little tumbledown church where their fathers had worshipped for generations. In it was a stone statue of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. It was a very old statue, and the people loved it because their ancestors had known it long ago.

But when the rich people came to church and saw the little stone statue they were shocked by its plainness.

The New Statue

"We will give them a new one," said the rich man, and in secret he changed the statue for another. The new statue was a huge plaster figure, with white, blue, and gold robes and pink cheeks like a doll. It was certainly pretty and very expensive, but an artist would have said that the old rough-hewn stone statue was a far finer work of art.

The next day a little deputation of villagers approached the rich man's ranch. "They have found the new statue and want to thank me," thought the rich man. So he sent out his son to meet the people. When he heard what they had to say he had a great surprise.

"We have come to take your mother away," said the leading villager. "She is old and ugly. We bring you this pretty young girl instead. Surely you would rather have her than your own mother?"

Then the rich man's son understood that they wanted the old statue back, so he gave it to them, and they went away happy. His father to this day cannot understand why they love the old thing best, for the new one cost so much more! But the people understand, and so do we.

THE AUTOMATIC AGE

Two New Ideas For It

Once upon a time when a bed was aired a fire had to be lit and the bedding was stacked round it. From time to time a panting maid had to turn the heavy mattress, and altogether it was a tiresome business.

Today the housewife can throw a blanket on the damp bed, turn on a switch, and return in half an hour to find everything warm and dry. The cost is less than a farthing for the electric current used.

These magical blankets are made solely by men disabled in the war, and they are called Thermega. They can be used by chilly people who usually go to bed with hot-water bottles and by invalids who are promoted to sitting up in a chair, and soon the factory is going to produce Thermega car rugs as well.

While we are proud of this British invention let us not forget a French one, which may be described roughly as a super-telephone extension, and is installed in the bedrooms of a great hotel in Lille, the Manchester of France. By pressing certain knobs on a small switchboard by his bedside a visitor may bolt or unbolt the door or set an alarm for any hour in the morning, and it is just as reliable as the switch which turns on the light, or the telephone through which he demands breakfast in bed.

The Cave Men of Creswell Craggs

DISCOVERIES IN THE DERBYSHIRE HILLS

The World Round. Sherwood Forest in the Days Before Robin Hood

A BIRD'S EGG OF THE VERY LONG AGO

More and more during last year visitors to the Derbyshire hills displayed an interest in the discoveries made a few miles north of Sherwood Forest, in the narrow rocky gorge known as Creswell Craggs.

On both sides lofty cliffs of grey limestone tower from 80 to 100 feet above the valley, rent by fissures and pierced by five great caves. It is said the caves were used by Robin Hood and his merry men when hunting the deer and wild boar, just as more than 20,000 years earlier prehistoric Cave Men used them when pursuing the reindeer, the bison, and the woolly rhinoceros. Robin, however, left us few traces of his presence, whereas relics of the ancient hunters are abundant, and the caves are for that reason wonderful libraries of unwritten history, telling in volumes of bone and flint a fascinating story of the men and animals who lived there, generation after generation, for thousands of years.

The Pin Hole Cave

Much of this story was revealed 60 years ago, when Sir Boyd Dawkins and others excavated most of the caves and proved that Cave Men had lived there when the mammoth and rhinoceros browsed in the valley and animals now extinct, or no longer living in Britain, made their homes in the caves.

One cave, called the Pin Hole, was not then thought worth excavating, and was abandoned by the explorers. It remained undisturbed until three years ago, when Mr. Leslie Armstrong began to excavate it, with funds placed at his disposal by the Percy Sladen Memorial Fund.

An Extinct Race of Men

Interesting though the other caves were, the despised Pin Hole has now proved the most interesting of all, for fascinating chapters in the early history of man which were entirely absent elsewhere, have been preserved there. These tell us that people lived in the cave in days so long ago that at least two glacial periods have come and gone since men first sheltered there and lit fires as a protection against the fierce cave lion.

Just what these people were like in appearance, whether black or white, no one knows. That they were clever hunters with crude weapons of stone is evident from the bones of reindeer, horse, and bison left round their camp fires, and as some of these are scorched and burned we know that they cooked flesh before eating it.

Artists of the Cave

Progress in those days was extremely slow, for, though the cave dwellers were twice driven away by the intense cold of an Ice Age, their descendants who took possession a few thousand years later had made little advance in civilisation beyond the use of tools of bone as well as of stone.

Finally, fifteen or twenty thousand years before the birth of Jesus, a much cleverer race of men took possession of the cave. They were artists who could draw and paint wonderfully lifelike pictures of animals on stone and ivory and were skilful workers in bone as well as makers of beautiful flint tools, but

they lived entirely by means of hunting and fishing.

The Pin Hole Cave has yielded many treasures left behind by these later hunters, as well as the crude tools of the early extinct race, for the relic bed of the cave is 15 feet thick. From top to bottom it contains perfectly preserved bones and teeth of animals. Many of the bones have been gnawed by hyenas, and their tooth marks are still plainly visible today.

Skull of a Giant Bear

One of the most thrilling finds was the skull of a cave bear. All the front teeth and both the great canines had been broken off by the Cave Men to make a necklace, no doubt believing it would have some magical virtue and give its wearer some of the strength and hunting skill of the bear. Another thrilling find was the bone of a mammoth which a Cave Man seems to have split to obtain the marrow and then thrown aside, forgetting to remove the flint knife he had been using. The knife was left embedded in the joint, and it was found there by Mr. Armstrong, still in position after lying for thousands of years, five feet of cave earth having slowly accumulated over it. This interesting relic will be given to the British Museum.

An Astonishing Find

Quite recently a smooth, round object like an ivory ball was uncovered, and when the cave earth was cleared away this proved to be a large bird's egg, a most astonishing find. It is speckled with brown spots, and from its size and shape it seems to be the egg of some kind of goose. Having been protected by the rocky wall of the cave, the shell is quite perfect except for slight cracks and a hole at the narrow end, through which one of the Cave Men no doubt sucked the contents. Evidently they had had a feast here, for scattered around were fragments of three more eggs. The greatest care was necessary in removing the shell so as to get it out intact, for it is a priceless relic of the past and is believed to be unique. By carefully working a strip of metal beneath it this was successfully accomplished. Another rare find was a pendant of mammoth ivory, oval in shape and no thicker than a postcard. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, cleverly pierced with a round hole at one end for suspension, and was probably worn as a charm by a Cave Lady.

The Earliest Cave Men

Deeper down in the same part of the cave, covered by eight feet of cave earth, were found two rhinoceros foot bones which, thousands of years earlier, the extinct race of cave dwellers had thrown aside after using them for preparing food or breaking bones. Deep hollows have been chopped in the upper surface, and the cuts left by the stone knives can be distinctly seen. Still deeper down, covered by 13 feet of slowly accumulated cave earth, bone digging tools and sharp axes cleverly made of hard stone pebbles were found. Two Ice Ages have come and gone since those tools were left there, but pieces of charcoal and split marrow bones scorched by fire tell us that even those earliest Cave Men knew how to use fire and cook food.

AN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM

Preserving a Nation's Past
STOCKHOLM'S GOOD EXAMPLE

Among the many fine things to be seen in Stockholm there is probably nothing quite so interesting to the traveller as the Open-Air Museum of Skansen.

Situated on wooded heights overlooking the city, this novel museum presents a miniature picture of Swedish life in all its aspects, set in surroundings as characteristic as possible.

For a small fee we pass through a gate and enter a land of toppling old farmhouses and wooden churches, of lofty bell-towers and quaint peasant dwellings; of smiling Swedish maids and men in picturesque costume looking as if they had just stepped straight out of a Zorn canvas.

Swedenborg's Summer House

We pass charcoal burners' huts, curious old windmills, barns, beacons, and sacrificial piles. Past a group of Finnish huts is a copy of one of the oldest timber buildings in Sweden, containing a fine collection of northern farm implements. Farther on are stocks, maypoles, and old log huts. Here, also, is the summer house of Emanuel Swedenborg, where it is said he experienced most of his visions.

What can be more fascinating than to walk round these wooded gardens, where every step seems to take us farther and farther into the past? We notice the peasant huts, with thick grass growing on the roofs. A peep into an old wooden cottage will give us a good insight into the lives of the peasants in those days. The crude furniture and hand-made household implements, the simple living rooms, all stir the imagination and call up a picture of a bygone age.

An Old-World Garden

Then there is the picturesque Lapplanders' Camp, with its tall, pointed huts and storerooms mounted on wooden piles. We may watch a Lapp family having dinner in company with reindeer and dogs.

When we want refreshment in Skansen a Swedish girl in national dress will bring it amid the pleasantness of an old-world garden. On fine summer evenings the peasants assemble on the dansplan and go through all the merry figure dances of old, accompanied by fiddlers.

A glimpse of a maid busy at her work in the sunshine or of a peasant playing his fiddle in the porch of his dwelling will complete the picture.

Skansen was founded in 1891 by Dr. Arthur Hazelius, the Swedish antiquary, who purchased seventy acres of land and had objects brought from all parts of Sweden. Today Skansen is the best open-air museum in the world.

TEN YEARS OF FREEDOM

Happy Finland

The Republic of Finland has lately celebrated its tenth birthday.

Subject first to Sweden and then to the gradually-increasing oppression of Russia, this is the first time Finland has known sovereign independence, though she has known self-government in varying degrees.

Only four years before the Great War the Tsar's Grand Duchy of Finland was finally incorporated into the Russian Empire. There were triumphant shouts of *Finis Finlandiae* in the Russian Duma, but the Finns whispered to each other "In the next Great War we will regain our freedom," and behold it was so!

A terrible civil war followed the declaration of independence, but since that was ended Finland has made steady progress in prosperity and in the recovered art of self-government, and she is a sworn supporter of the League of Nations. She has also the most effective Prohibition system in Europe, and is very happy under it.

100 TIMES TO THE SUN AND BACK THE CARS THAT NEVER STOP

The Motor Problem Today and Tomorrow

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

On the speeding motor-cars the Sun never sets. All over the globe they are always running, criss-crossing even the deserts, and piling up their mileage wherever their wheels can turn. Whenever in these winter days the Sun steals a glimpse through the fog at Old England it beholds them hurrying to and fro. If there were an arterial road they would run Sunward.

It would take any one of them a long time to get there. Even Major Segrave, if he could keep up a speed of 200 miles an hour along the arterial road to the Sun, would not live long enough to get there. But all the motor-cars of Great Britain, adding their mileage together as if running in a relay race, could go 100 times to the Sun and back in a year. Last year, according to Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Pickard, of the Safety First Association, they ran together a distance of ten thousand million miles. The mileage is increasing at a thousand million miles a year.

Cars That May Outrun the Sun

Where will it stop? At present there are only about two million motor-vehicles in Great Britain, which works out at about one motor-vehicle for every 14 people old enough to be licensed to drive a car. In the United States there is one car for every five people. Where will the world be when everyone has a car? Together the cars will outrun the Sun, though the Sun travels 12 miles a second.

They will probably not outrun light, which takes only eight minutes to traverse the ethereal road from the Sun to the Earth, because the mathematicians are agreed that nothing can do so, but they will get faster and faster, and pedestrians, if there are any left, will have to keep to the fields. The air will not be open to them because of the aeroplanes travelling overhead.

An Appalling Number

Are the pedestrian's risks increasing? Colonel Pickard says that in London there are over 800 street accidents a day. That is an appalling number, and the only consoling thought about it is that in perhaps only half that number is there injury to limb. Yet the number killed steadily mounts everywhere. It is impossible not to see that for every million more cars there will be more than a thousand people killed in a year.

It is a thought which must sadden anyone, however enthusiastic he is for progress. The motor-car driver is said to be responsible for only a third of them. The men and women and children who step carelessly into the road, or run dangerously into it, or cross it without looking, are the causes, though they are also the victims, of as many accidents as the careless driver.

Children More Careful

It is the children for whom we are most anxious, now and in the future. One-twentieth of the street accidents happens to these poor mites when they have run into the road playing. What a tragedy! Is there nothing to be done?

The children are said by the bus drivers to be growing more careful. The new generation of them is more used to cars. Yet they ought to have some special protection, and children who play in the streets should be found some better place to play in. Every park should be a sanctuary for them.

MUSIC FROM THE SKIES

PLUCKING SOUNDS FROM AN INVISIBLE HARP

Russian Professor Who Plays on the Ether

A NEW WIRELESS WONDER

At the Albert Hall an audience which nightly listens-in heard a young Russian electrician, Professor Theremin, handling wireless waves for all the world as if he were playing a piano.

All that was visible was the box in which the music from the skies was hidden, with a brass rod projecting from it. Professor Theremin, as if plucking sounds from an invisible harp, brought his fingers now near and now farther away, and from the musical box came tunes at his will.

It is not so mysterious as it would once have appeared, now that so many boys and girls handle their own wireless sets as if they loved them.

An Earthed Conductor

The professor's hand acts as a condenser on a thermionic valve oscillator. Many who have wireless valve sets know that the frequency can be altered by moving an earthed conductor near the set. The conductor induces a change in the frequency of the wave. Professor Theremin is an earthed conductor. When his hand comes near the set it alters the frequency of the oscillations within it, and acts as if it were altering the condenser that is tuning in.

As broadcast listeners who have loud speakers know, a howl will arise if the loud speaker is adjusted with too strong a reaction. The howl is a note with a frequency which is the difference between the frequency of the transmitting station's wave, and the frequency of the oscillations set up locally in the receiver. Professor Theremin produces musical howls.

Principle of the Instrument

In his musical box are thermionic oscillators, and when his hand approaches the brass rod the effect is to alter the frequency of one of them. They are, therefore, out of step with one another, and, as in the howling set, the difference in phase produces a note. But in the Theremin set it is a musical note instead of a discordant one.

The principle of the instrument is easy to understand, but the way in which the Russian ether-player handles the notes produced is neither easy to understand nor to imitate. He weaves his hands hither and thither so as to evoke tunes out of this wireless box, which is in its turn tapping the waves as they vibrate from transmitting stations through space.

Anybody with a box and enough skill may perhaps learn to do the same, but at present the great fiddlers who pluck music from strings or the pianists who tap the wires of the piano are safe from competition.

The Theremin etheric tunes are at present only a toy, but greater inventions have sprung from lesser playthings.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A portrait by Romney . . .	£12,600
A portrait by Francis Cotes . .	£2257
A painting by R. P. Bonington .	£1050
An Elizabethan oak buffet . . .	£800
A Greek vase of 530 B.C. . . .	£800
2 Morris tapestry panels, 1912 .	£567
A Queen Anne armchair	£405
A Greek bronze figure	£200
A Great Seal silver box	£135

A gold ring containing a miniature of Napoleon and some of his hair sold for £100.

THE BRAIN OF A GREAT MAN

And the Brain of a Savage

A SURPRISE ABOUT A FAMOUS NOVELIST

Anatole France was certainly one of the greatest thinking men who ever wrote novels, and when he died, a few years ago, his widow presented his wonderful brain to the anatomical department of the Sorbonne.

Naturally the anatomists made a careful examination of the organ to see whether it had any features distinguishing it from the brains of ordinary, commonplace men, and the report of the experts who made the examination has just been published.

To the surprise of the anatomists the brain of the great man was found to be light. It weighed only 1017 grammes, about 350 grammes less than the average weight of the brain of a civilised man and only a few grammes more than the brain of a primitive savage.

Exceptional Qualities

For some years it has been recognised that great thinkers may have brains of very moderate size and weight, though most of the brains of great men that have been weighed have been above the average weight. There have been very few instances of men as great as Anatole France with brains so much below the average weight.

Nevertheless the brain of Anatole France showed exceptional qualities, for its convolutions were unusually extensive, and provided surface for an unusual amount of grey matter, the cells in which are considered to give mental force. And now this fine brain that did so much thinking and so much creative work lies under a glass lid in a golden box adorned with emeralds and rubies.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Origin of the Arms of the City of London?

The short sword does not represent the dagger with which Wat Tyler was slain by Lord Mayor Walworth, as is so often stated. It is the emblem of St. Paul, the patron saint of the City.

Who Founded Primrose Day?

Primrose Day is the name given to April 19, the day of Lord Beaconsfield's death, when primroses are worn and the statesman's statue in Parliament Square, London, is decorated by the Primrose League, founded by a number of Conservatives in 1883 at the suggestion of Sir H. Drummond Wolff.

What is Domesday Book?

A statistical survey of that part of England which was under William the Conqueror made in 1085 and 1086. It was so named probably because it was of authority in all dooms, that is, judgments in disputed questions. It is kept at the Record Office in London.

What Becomes of All the Wild Animals and Birds That Die?

They are mostly eaten by insects, which have a wonderful power of getting rid of such matter. A dead bird in England, for instance, is soon buried and eaten by burying beetles. Flies also get rid of much decaying matter.

What Makes an Aeroplane Stay Up in the Air?

The principle on which an aeroplane rises and travels in the air is the same as that by which a strong wind blows your hat off and carries it through the air; only in the case of the aeroplane the machine attains a high speed while the air is generally moving slowly.

What is the Fastest Speed ever Attained by Steam?

In 1904 the Great Western engine City of Truro achieved a speed of 102.3 miles an hour in the descent of Wellington Bank on the journey between Plymouth and London, but the Americans claim a speed of 120 miles an hour for five miles in the run from Fleming to Jacksonville on the Plant System in 1901.

THREE PLANETS IN THE MORNING SKY

SATURN, VENUS, MARS

How to See the Moons of Jupiter

ECLIPSE OF A BRILLIANT STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The early morning sky will be very interesting next week, for the Crescent Moon will appear very close to Saturn, Venus, and Mars. In the early part of the week Venus and Saturn will appear very close together.

They will be in conjunction on Monday evening, when, of course, we shall not see them. But in the morning Venus will be readily found, low in the south-east, for she is a striking object and by far the brightest discernible.

Saturn, however, owing to his great distance (some 970 million miles away), will not be so bright; but he will be



Venus, Saturn, and the Moon in the early morning of January 19

readily identified a little more than the Moon's apparent width away and below Venus. The change in their relative positions may be noted each morning owing to the rapid movement of Venus; she will gradually move from west to east of Saturn and approach Mars.

On Thursday morning, January 19, the Moon's fine crescent will have drawn near to Venus and Saturn, the three worlds making a pretty picture in the dawn if only the sky is clear.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock is the best time for observation. Then Venus will be above Saturn and Saturn above the Moon, our satellite being almost at her farthest from us (250,000 miles away), while Venus will be about 120 million miles from us.

By Friday morning, January 20, the Moon will be in the vicinity of Mars, about six times her own width away to the right of him, between 7 and 7.30 o'clock. This is the most likely time to glimpse Mars, for he will be low down near the south-east horizon and not at all bright, owing to his great distance, about 220 million miles. Both Mars and Saturn are getting nearer, and later on will become very bright.

On Saturday evening, January 21, all four of Jupiter's chief satellites will be on the right side of Jupiter at about 7 o'clock, arranged in their regular order outward from the planet.

The two outermost, Ganymede and Callisto (the third and fourth), should be easily seen, if it is a clear, dark night, with binoculars or field-glasses. A small telescope will show all four.

A Great Dark World

At the beginning of next week Callisto may be seen to the left of Jupiter. Of course they appear very close to the planet, his light almost obscuring them; but if Jupiter is screened behind a distant wall or tree the bright little points of light representing his moons will be easily seen.

About 7 o'clock on Friday evening the bright star Algol will be partially eclipsed by the great dark world that revolves round him.

Algol is due south and not far from overhead at this time, he should be readily found with the aid of the star map which appeared in the C.N. for November 12.

If Algol is looked for at about 5 o'clock, when he is more to the east, he will appear as a bright second-magnitude star and the eclipse will be beginning; but at mid-eclipse, at 7 o'clock, five-sixths of his disc will be obscured and he will appear as a comparatively faint fourth-magnitude star. Three and a half hours afterwards he will have resumed his normal brilliance. G. F. M.

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Torferry is startled by the strange appearance of a man who passes through the village playing a drum.

David Keddie, on his way home from school, feels that the stranger is trying to attract his attention. But he forgets the drummer at the news he finds awaiting him: instead of the fortune he expected, his Aunt Deborah tells him his father has left him nothing.

She pauses in her story at the sound of a footstep outside.

CHAPTER 3 On the Sands

DARTING to the door for the second time, David ran out into the darkness; but he found no one. He searched the little garden and stood in the lane, listening with all his ears but catching no sound except the droning of the sea far below.

So back he came again, and was shooting the bolts when he started to perceive something white at his feet. It was a scrap of paper, pushed underneath the door. He picked it up, and caught his breath as he did so, for a glance had shown him that there was writing on it. A stealthy message out of the night! But for whom?

On the table in the passage a lamp was burning. Chiding himself because his heart fluttered so—for what was there to disturb him? he kept repeating—he carried the paper noiselessly to the lamp to read what it had to say before his aunt saw it. For perhaps there was something in it which would alarm her, or why had it been slipped beneath the door with such secrecy?

Master David Keddie. This is for your own sake. Tonight at ten o'clock go down to the shore and wait there among the rocks under Minden Head. Do not fail. Be sure to come alone.

No signature. Yet a sign manual all the same. For below the writing was a drum, crudely drawn.

He had a struggle to compose himself. He was trembling; not so much in fear as in trouble of mind, for back with a rush came the afternoon's curious incident, with all the disquieting emotions it had provoked.

Crushing the scrap of paper into his pocket, he pondered. Should he tell Aunt Deborah or not? She would be wondering what was keeping him. She would ask him.

In his perplexity he returned to the room.

"No," he announced; "I did not see anyone there. But I've something to show you. And something to tell you first."

Whereupon, without further ado, he narrated that which had happened in the afternoon.

"Well? And you are going?" was all that she uttered, as side by side they were studying the mysterious message.

His eyes, which had been seeking hers, kindled at once.

"Ay, wilful laddies will have their way," she added drily.

They sat for a long time talking it over and over but never finding any possible key to the mystery, although they went over the ground again and again, until finally David retold every detail of the afternoon's incident, searching his memory for anything he had left out and dwelling shyly on the impression he had received.

But the old lady did not laugh at him, as he had feared, when he told how the eyes of the drummer had seemed to be tugging at him.

"It was maybe your fancy," she said, "and maybe it wasn't. David, laddie, you'll mind and take care of yourself?"

"There's no danger at Minden Head and the tide won't be up."

"Very likely. But what does this beggar fellow want with you?"

"That," he said steadily, "I am going to find out."

"Then it's high time you went," she replied, with a glance at the clock. "And take a stout stick."

The night was dark, but over the sea there was moonrise, so that as he hastened across the sands he could presently distinguish a dim figure outlined between the water's edge and the rocks. He paused at the sight instinctively, and he hesitated, for he knew that his heart was not very far from his mouth. In that solitude of sea and sand and tall, solemn cliff he felt suddenly so shut out from any companionship and suddenly so shut in with that brooding shape, with that formidable and ominous stranger who awaited him.

His feet seemed tied in the spell of a premonition. "Go back before it's too late. Go back," it was warning him.

David gripped his stick tighter and fought against this.

Between himself and the motionless, brooding figure there were first some forty yards of firm sand to traverse and then a stretch which threaded among boulders and salt-water pools. But behind the debris of fallen rock under the Head a little winding cleft picked its way through the cliff, perhaps wide enough for a horse and cart to pass through, with tall whins, and sometimes employed by the fishermen when they brought their nets to dry on the rocks. And as David was hanging back in two minds it came to him that he might retrace his steps, leaving the sands and going round so as to creep down the cleft and steal upon the man from behind. Perhaps he could judge better that way if mischief were meant.

He was on the point of putting this plan into operation when the watcher at the water's brink turned and began to stride toward him.

David hesitated no longer; he held his breath and went straight forward.

That this was indeed the drummer he never doubted. For though the man carried no drum he could distinguish those heavy bowed shoulders, and the flutter of rags upon the gaunt body beneath.

David went on. Between himself and this strange creature out of the night there were scarcely left a dozen paces to cover. He went on, till they were so near that he could see the man's eyes. Then the silence was suddenly riven by the neigh of a horse. And instantly cold fingers closed on his own, a hoarse voice breathed "Tomorrow night. At this hour," and he found himself alone again, trembling all over.

The shock was terrific, for this had happened so swiftly. He felt as if his breath were taken away; he could almost have cried with vexation to have come so near to the secret only to lose it.

In a dazed way he stumbled forward, and once he believed that he saw the vanishing figure, and he called after it. But the Moon had gone behind a cloud, and when it came out again there was no one in sight.

Then he stood quite still, straining his eyes from ocean to cliff. See! What was that black patch at the mouth of the cleft thrown up by the moonlight against the whins—a boulder? No, it wasn't a boulder; it moved. It was stepping over the rocks. It was a horse, black as coal, with a man on its back.

David did not wait to see any more. He dropped his head and ran at the top of his speed. And it was only as he turned, panting, into the lane that he grew conscious he had something in his clenched hand which certainly had not been there when he came.

What was this crumpled paper doing in his left hand?

Then he remembered how the drummer had clutched at his fingers. On this he let out a wild laugh, so overwrought he was, his nerves at such strain.

He was in a tremble still when he reached the white gate, and must pause once more before lifting the latch and meeting the cheerful rays which streamed down the path. Aunt Deborah had left the door wide open for him.

CHAPTER 4 The Warning

THE old lady adjusted her glasses. "Let me see it," she bade, when David, having recovered his self-possession, reached the part of his tale where he had found the paper in his hand.

It was a little fragment of a stiff texture, though now limp from handling and soiled and much stained. It was folded over and over, and when she unfolded it one jagged edge revealed that a portion was missing. There was something penned upon it in angular writing.

As she took it Aunt Deborah's hand had been steady enough, but when she had carried the scrap to the lamp that hand shook violently and she uttered a little cry, while all the colour drained at once from her face. Terrified that something was happening to her, David sprang forward; but she motioned him back. Thus they remained a moment, he taut and anxious, she staring in front of her with eyes that saw nothing.

Her voice returned as he stooped to recover the paper, which had fluttered from her grasp to the floor.

"David, that is your father's writing," he heard.

Then, eyeing him sternly, as though ashamed of her weakness, and defying him to laugh at her if he dare, Aunt Deborah sat down and crossed her arms on her breast, as always she was accustomed to do when she chid him.

"David, do you understand what I said?"

Whereupon David, perceiving that she laboured under an emotion to which at any cost she would never yield, and being himself in a veritable whirl of bewilderment, fibbed "Yes, I understand," and felt very troubled, for could Aunt Deborah know what she had just said? David, that is your father's writing. How could it be?

"You have read it, David?"

"Yes," he answered gently.

"Read it out to me. Read it very slowly."

"You will come upon my treasure (David read out) under St. Palfr's Cross, which is—"

There isn't any more. The rest is torn off."

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Her lips were moving. She was saying the words after him.

"My treasure—under St. Palfr's Cross," she repeated. "David, that will be the treasure of your father."

He ventured, "Auntie, are you sure it's his writing?"

"Yes," she said sharply. "But where is St. Palfr's Cross?"

"And how did the drummer get hold of my message?" cried David.

Without reply Aunt Deborah went from the room, to return with a package of letters and two glasses upon a tray. One of the glasses held milk. She passed this to David. The other was filled with water. At this she sipped slowly.

She was unusually excited; David could see that, and could see as well that she meant to suppress her excitement. Not another word left her until she had finished her sipping, nor until she had risen again and made up the fire. Then she smoothed her old-fashioned silk dress and regarded him musingly.

"David," she uttered at last in a voice very calm, "you are tired, but I don't think you'll sleep very well until we have tried to thresh this thing out a bit farther. Now, look at these letters." She passed the package across. "These are your father's letters. Is it not the same writing?"

"Yes," he answered, trying to keep his tone as steady as hers.

"Then your father did not die penniless, as was supposed!"

David sat staring.

"David, we have to consider the probabilities. Listen! Which is the harder for me to believe: that your father, who had always declared he was prospering and who had sold his ranch for a large sum not so long before his death, had spent all the money which I knew he intended for you, or—"

"Yes, or?" he prompted eagerly.

"Or that he has hidden that money for you?"

David was listening, wonder-struck, half-convinced.

"Did my father often do queer things?" he faltered.

"Yes. He was stubborn, I told you. He would have his way, and sometimes, David, his way was a very eccentric way."

"Then this message was for me?"

"Of course," said Aunt Deborah.

"And the drummer—had he stolen it?" David asked next.

Aunt Deborah shook her head.

"Why, obviously not. Would he come searching for you if he had stolen it? Would he bring it to you if he meant to rob you?"

"But why should the drummer take all this time bringing it to me?"

"That we may learn by and by. We won't start guesswork yet. David, who was the man who rode down upon the black horse?"

"The man who came through the cleft? That was Lawyer Roach," answered David.

"You are sure it was Roach?"

"I am positive it was Roach's black horse."

"It was the horse's neigh which made the drummer rush off?"

"Yes. He was just going to speak to me when the neigh came."

"Then he didn't want Roach to find him?"

"I suppose not," David said, with a glance of astonishment.

Aunt Deborah took no notice of his surprised look.

"This afternoon," she continued in a slow tone, and with the air of one who is thinking aloud, "the drummer vanished when Roach came upon the scene, didn't he? I remember you said that Roach seemed upset and asked question after question about him."

Before David could answer his hand shot up to his lips, and his head was bent to one side in a listening attitude. "Shh!" he signalled.

Someone was scratching the window behind him. Then, in one movement almost, he sprang forward and flung up the window. The cold air entered, and with it a sibilant whisper:

"Guard the writing. Take care. You are in great danger."

Both of them heard every syllable, and both of them saw a misty shape disappearing into the night.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Berry Pickers

BERNARD was always top when they took his class in general knowledge, but in spite of that his parents determined that he should become a farmer, and sent him to his uncle's ranch in Western Canada.

He did not find the simple duties demanded of him quite so easy as he had expected. Animals to be fed, stables to be cleaned, wood to be chopped, water to be drawn—the work seemed never ending.

The first time Bernard was sent to the well, sixty feet deep, which his uncle had sunk in a field near the farm he could make no headway at all. The bucket bobbed about like a thing bewitched on the surface of the water below, and came up without a drop inside.

"Has the well gone dry?" asked Uncle Dick, coming up, all impatience. "Are you going to be all day over the job?"

"I can't get the bucket to sink, no matter how gently I let it down."

"Greenhorn! You must let it run down with a rush, or it will never sink beneath the water."

When at last the task was finished the farmer said, "Now, go into the field and catch Blazes."

Blazes was a chestnut horse with a white stripe down his face.

"How am I to catch him?"

"He has got a halter round his neck, and you must tempt him with a pannikin of corn."

But Blazes had been getting good meals of grass, and was wary of the stranger. Time after time he yielded to the coaxing and came almost within arm's length, only to whirl round, fling up his hind legs, and gallop away with a whinny of mocking laughter.

After hours and hours of this Bernard at last caught the halter and sprang on his back.

Away to the farm tore Blazes, but stopped dead at the gateway. Over his head soared Bernard, to land softly in the mire.

His uncle picked him up and gave him a pail.

"Go to the woods and gather saskatoon berries for your aunt's pies. It will be a change from pumpkin, and it seems to be the only job you are fit for."

Pail in hand, Bernard repaired to the forest. There was a fine stretch of saskatoons round the foot of a giant tree. Bernard began to work round it. His pail was half full when he heard breathing on the other side of the tree. Someone else was picking berries.

"Whoof!" Up rose a great black bear, with jaws dripping with berry juice.

For a minute the two stared at each other in horror; then Bernard took to his heels, kicking over the pail of berries as he went. But Bruin was galloping in the opposite direction.

"You ran from a big black bear, Greenhorn?" said Uncle Dick. "Why, the fellow would run from you! It is only when the bear is brown that you have got to quit, as Blazes did."

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The Children's Newspaper

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The Path is Smooth That Leads to Danger



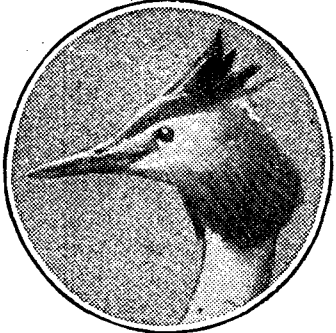
THE BRAN TUB

A Transposition

AN insect that is small in size
Will make a very dismal sound
If after you have read it once
You simply turn the word around.
One letter now please cast away,
Transpose the whole of what remains,
Another insect, smaller still,
Will stand and greet you for your pains.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Great Crested Grebe

The Great Crested Grebe, which is 21 to 22 inches long, is the largest of the sixteen or so species distributed over many parts of the world. It lives on fish, frogs, and water insects, and builds its nest of decaying water plants nearly on a level with the surface of the water. The commonest species in Britain is the Little Grebe, also known as the Dabchick.

Ici On Parle Français



La harpe La chèvre La gorge

Peu de gens savent jouer de la harpe.
La chèvre fournit un lait excellent.
Ils visiteront une gorge pittoresque.

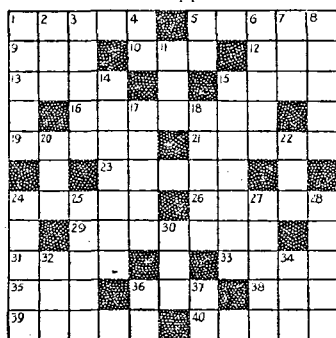
A Hidden Country

IN the chasing and also in caught,
In the number and also in nought,
In the rustic and also in seat,
In the snowstorm and also in sleet,
In the kernel and also in grain,
In the mountain and also in plain,
In the flying and also in glide,
In the seeking and also in hide,
In the early and also in late,
Whole I'm a country wide and great.

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 45 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. To squander. 5. To combine. 9. Toward the stern of a ship. 10. A representation of the surface of the Earth. 12. New. 13. Beautiful. 15. Dates in the ancient Roman calendar. 16. The god of the sea. 19. The relation one thing has to another in point of quantity. 21. A North German race. 23. To collect in scattered portions. 24. The shin bone. 26. Young women. 29. Guides. 31. To toil. 33. A harsh outcry. 35. Contraction for even. 36. A conjunction. 38. Small island in a river. 39. Marshland grasses. 40. English summer flowers.

Reading Down. 1. A thin, sweet cake. 2. Amateur Football Association (abbrev.). 3. To limit. 4. Printer's measure. 5. Aloft. 6. A pointer. 7. A tiny heap of sand. 8. A rose-red dye. 11. An insect. 14. Ruled. 15. Silliness. 17. A dance of Bohemian origin. 18. Treatment. 20. Incombustible residue. 22. A combustible liquid. 24. Above. 25. Solus. 27. South American ostriches. 28. Chokes with mud. 30. Noise. 32. Shelter. 34. To rest lengthwise. 36. For example. 37. Doctor (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter and Uranus are in the south-west. In the morning Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as seen looking south at 8.30 a.m. on January 18.

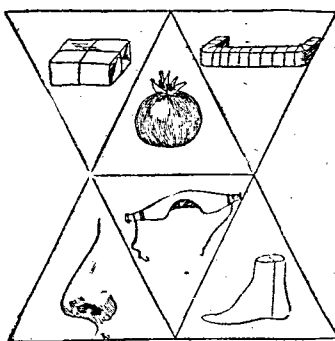


Joining the Chain

FIVE pieces of chain, each composed of three links, were given to a blacksmith, and he was told to join them together to make one chain. It was arranged that he should be paid sixpence for every link that had to be cut and another sixpence for every link that was welded. What was the cost of the work?

Answer next week

Hidden Shellfish



FIND the names of the objects shown here, and then by taking one letter from each word make the names of (1) a shellfish much appreciated as food, (2) a shellfish with a long, oval shell, (3) a shellfish with a corrugated shell.

Answer next week

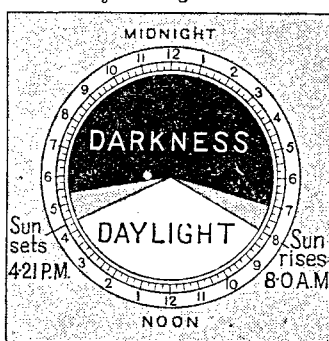
Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Telescopic Dustbin. Here is a new kind of dustbin which will be found useful in flats and tenements, for, being telescopic, it can be shut down and so made to occupy a minimum of space when empty, only being made bigger again as it is filled. The inner portion has slots which engage with lugs on the outer portion, and the parts are kept in any required position by spring strips.

Electric Warming Bags. With the increased popularity of saloon cars there has also come about an increase in the number of devices which add to the comfort of travel in winter. Here is an electric foot-warmer, made of felt or other material. The heating wire is placed between two thicknesses of the material, which are sewn together at the edges and also between the turns of the wire, thus forming a kind of bag. The current is obtained from the car's lighting set. This idea can also be adapted for travelling-rugs and blankets.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Jacko Puts His Foot in It

JACKO always got on very well with rich old Miss Ape. She was very fond of young people, and although Jacko sometimes played tricks on her she always forgave him.

One day Jacko met the old lady in the village street. She was looking worried, and when she saw Jacko she pounced on him and began to pour out all her woes.

"I've had to come out, my dear," she told him, "for all my fires are smoking and the house isn't fit to live in. I wonder if you can tell me where the sweep lives."

Jacko could. He also told Miss Ape what was wrong with her wireless set and why the parrot was moulting; in fact, he gave the old lady so much good advice that she was amazed at his wisdom.

"You're a clever lad!" she said at last, patting his hand. "I shouldn't be surprised if you could tell me what I am to do about Cook. She's so tiresome. I can do nothing with her. It's a serious matter."

Jacko agreed that it was most serious. He had eaten so many delicious cakes at Miss Ape's house that he couldn't bear the idea of the cook getting out of hand.

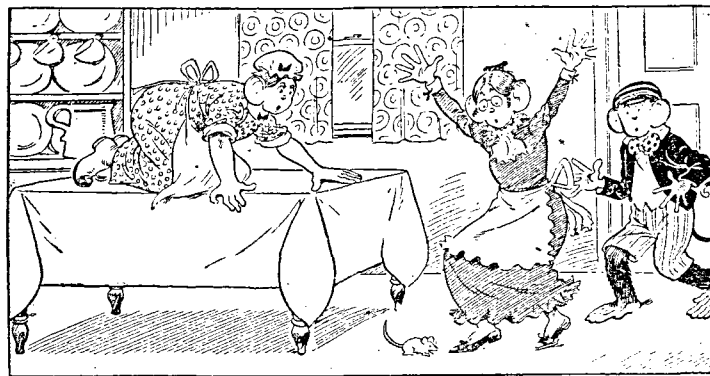
"I expect she wants a man to deal with her," he said. And he slapped his chest and looked very important.

"I suppose you wouldn't come along and have a word with her?" said Miss Ape timidly. "You're so tactful; I feel certain you'll work wonders."

Jacko was highly flattered. But, all the same, he couldn't help feeling slightly nervous when they arrived at the house and Miss Ape asked him to go into the kitchen.

He knocked timidly at the door, and hardly dared to go inside when a gruff voice said "Come in!"

The cook certainly was a disagreeable woman, and she looked specially sour when she saw Jacko.



The mouse ran across her foot.

"After cakes, are you?" she said. "Well, you won't get any; so that's that!"

Jacko tried hard to look dignified; but the situation was rather beyond him, especially when the cook put a heavy hand on his shoulder and began to push him toward the door.

"Out of here!" she said crossly. "I'm busy."

But Jacko had no intention of being turned out of the room. His hand went into his pocket, and the next moment one of his white mice was scurrying over the floor!

The cook let out a scream and jumped on to the table.

At the sound poor Miss Ape came flying into the kitchen to know what was the matter.

"Oh, dear! What a day!" she exclaimed. "I feel sure I'm in for more trouble."

And so she was, for the mouse suddenly ran across her foot, and the next minute she was up on the table too!

Jacko hastily picked up his mouse and made himself scarce. He had a feeling that things weren't going very well. And he was right. The cook promptly gave notice, and Miss Ape never asked Jacko to the house again!

Proverbs About Necessity

NECESSITY is the mother of invention.

Make a virtue of necessity.

Necessity knows no law.

Necessity is a hard master.

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. A luminous body. To become weary. You have two of these. Needed after a day's work.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Smith?

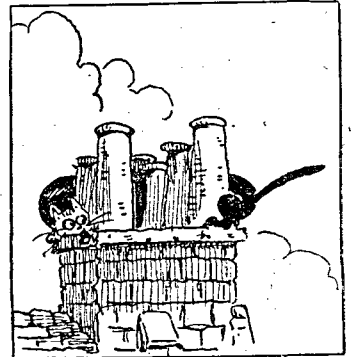
GENERALLY this common and familiar surname is occupational, that is, the ancestor of the Smiths was a smith by trade or a worker in iron. But sometimes the name is derived, not from smith, but from smeth, meaning a plain or level field, probably the place where the ancestor of these Smiths lived. In other cases the name Smith is derived from smathe, meaning smooth, and was a nickname which was given to someone who was probably smooth and easy in his manner.

DR. MERRYMAN

The Right Steps to Take

You want a job in my menagerie?
Are you accustomed to animals?
Yes; been used to horses all my life.
Good! But now tell me what steps you would take if a lion got loose?
Good long ones, sir!

An Optical Illusion



THESE two black cats upon the roof
At night have lots of fun,
But when they chase round chimney-pots
Not two they seem, but one!

The Story of a Leg

THE report of an attempt to hoax the French Institution of Inscriptions and Fine Arts recalls the story of a joke played many years ago on another society.

A certain famous doctor applied for membership of the Society, and, being refused, determined to be revenged. Pretending to be a country practitioner, he wrote this letter to the Society:

"Sirs, a sailor had the misfortune to break his leg, and, having heard of the efficiency of pitch, I used it on his leg. It had an excellent effect, and the leg is now quite mended."

At the next meeting this letter was read, and led to much discussion. Pamphlets and articles were published on the use of pitch as a curative. Imagine, therefore, the consternation of the leading doctors of the day when a further letter was received:

Sirs, I forgot to mention that the leg was a wooden one!

A Problem

ETHEL (holidaying in France):
Oh, Jack, Mother wants me to buy her a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. Here's the right sort of shop, and I've thought out the sentence in French, except that I don't know the French for eau-de-Cologne. What is it?

WHAT can a baby draw as well as an artist? Its breath.

The Oscillator

From the B.B.C.'s Picture Gallery



The B.B.C. detectives are on his track.

WHAT is the easiest thing in the world to break? Silence.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Beheaded Word

Scream, cream, ream.

Changeling

Fish, wish, wise, wine, wind, bind, bird.

What Am I? A stick.

A Word Square

FIRE

ICED

REED

EDDY

A Hidden River. Mississippi.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

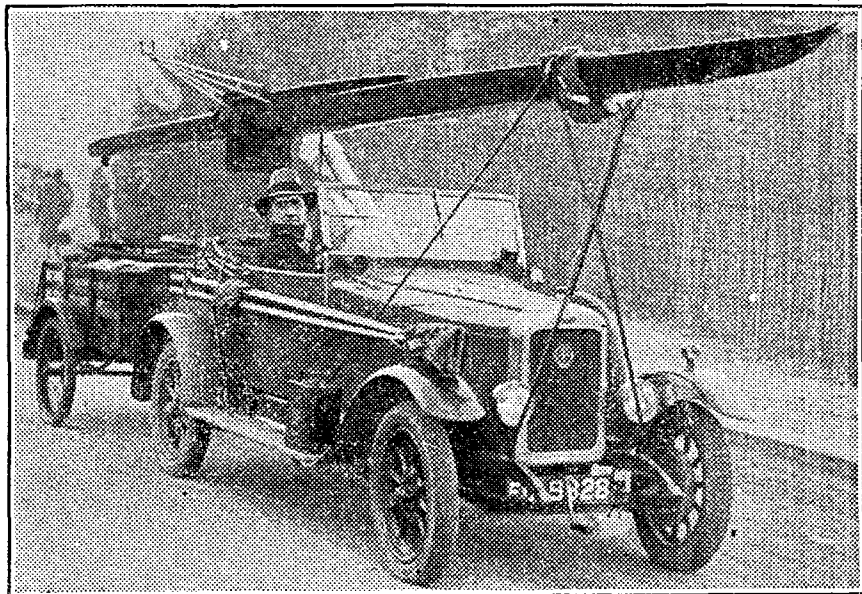
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 14, 1928

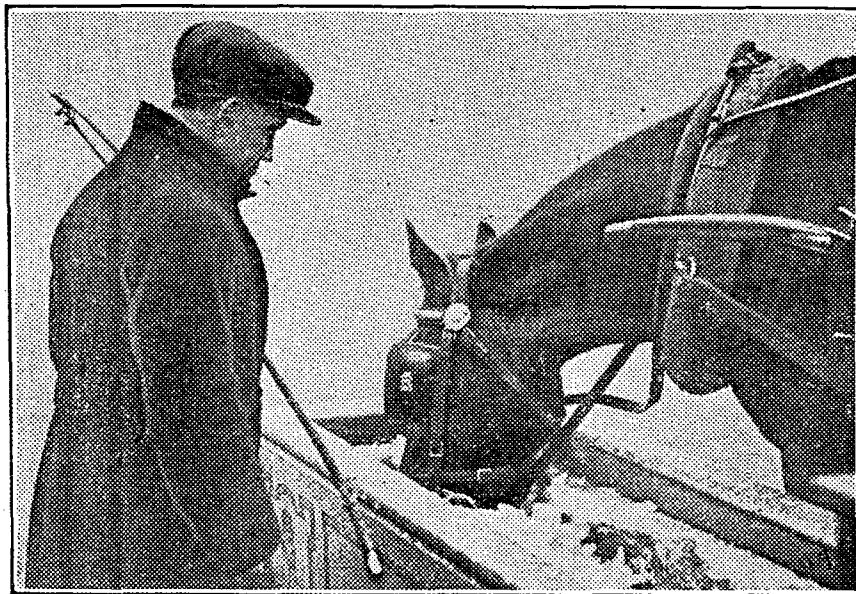
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

ENGLISH ALLIGATOR • ELEPHANTS IN OVERCOATS • FLOATING AERODROME



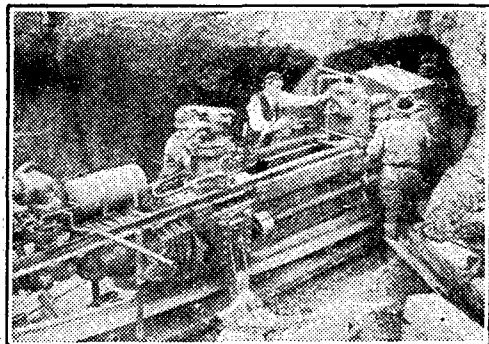
The Motoring Oarsman—Mr. R. T. Lee, the Oxford oarsman who won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, has an ingenious method of carrying his boat across country, as this picture shows.



An Icy Drink—The water-troughs for horses were frozen during the recent frost, and here we see a horse in a London street drinking through a hole broken in the ice by the carman.



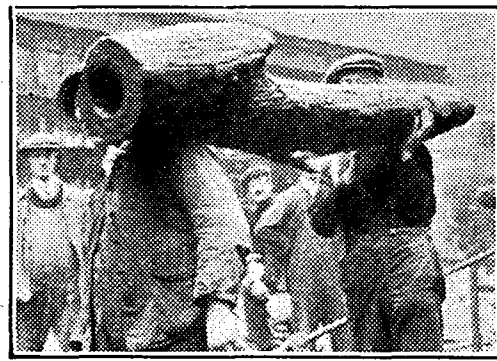
King Billy—The C.N. recently reported the death of King Billy, the last of the tribe that once hunted where Australia's capital, Canberra, stands. This snapshot from a C.N. reader shows King Billy on the left.



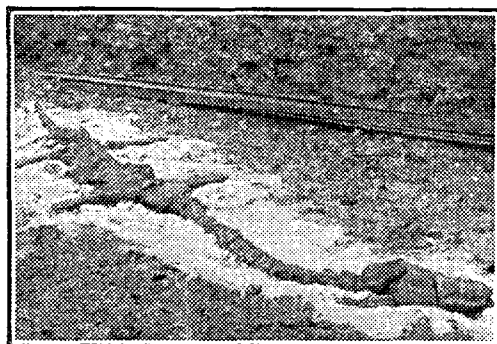
New Tunnelling Machine—This American machine tunnels through rock without the use of explosives.



Winter in England—The old windmill makes a picturesque background for this photograph of a tobogganing party setting out at Redhill, Surrey.



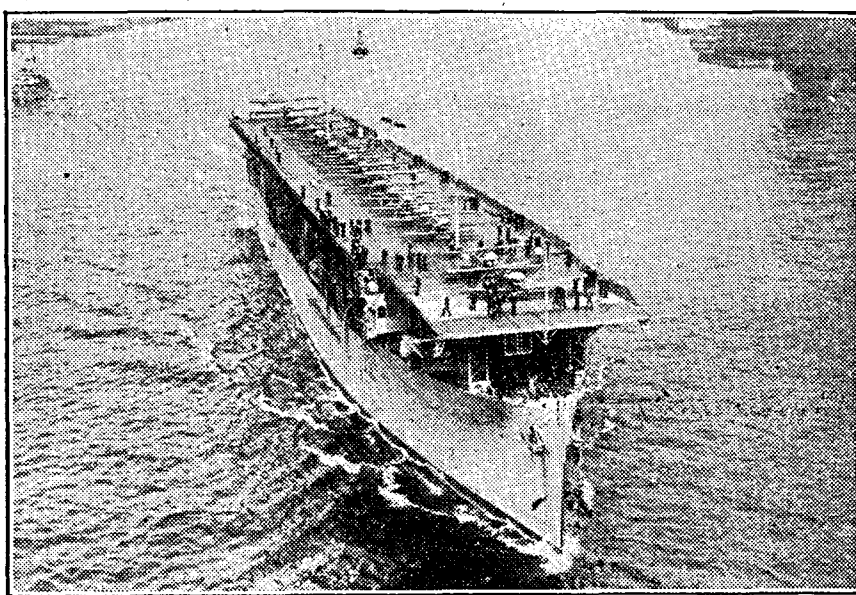
A Relic of Old London—During road repairs near the Haymarket, London, this piece of hollow tree-trunk was brought to light. It was one of the wooden pipes that supplied London with water in the old days.



English Alligator—This fossil of a reptile like an alligator has been unearthed recently near Leamington.



Elephants Try to Keep Warm—People were surprised the other day to see four elephants wearing overcoats or cloaks walking through London. They were on their way to a circus.



A Floating Aerodrome—This picture of the Langley, America's largest aircraft-carrier, was taken from a bridge over East River, New York. Fifteen aeroplanes are on the deck.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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